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The Bucks County Gazette.

The Gazette has the largest circulation of any newspaper in Bucks county with one exception

VOL. XXXVII. NO. 21 BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1909. PRICE THREE CENTS

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

Rev. W. T. Johnston Addressed the Men's Meeting on Sunday.

Owing to the blizzard which prevailed on Saturday and which paralyzed all railroad traffic, Dr. Sagebeer, who was scheduled to address the Men's Meeting at the Bristol Baptist Church on Sunday was unable to appear, and Rev. Johnston, the pastor of the church, addressed the meeting rather than disappoint the 101 persons present. He spoke as follows:

REV. JOHNSTON'S ADDRESS.

In the fifth chapter of the Book of Judges, and the twenty-third verse, you will find words like these: "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

A discord is always unpleasant, and if there is any discord in the song of rejoicing in the history of Israel, it is found in the verse which I have just quoted. The prophetess has been directed to sing the praises of the victorious army, and there are some this afternoon who sit here who can remember the sense of joy that thrilled this whole northern country when in '65 the war had been closed, and those who had gone forth in the interest of their country were returning as victorious.

The angel of the Lord is the one who is giving forth this strange expression, "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye Meroz" said the angel of the Lord, and the only record of the town of Meroz, or that locality that bore the

REV. W. T. JOHNSTON.

name of Meroz, is in this verse which I have selected this afternoon, around which I desire to gather certain lessons, and I want you to remember in the course of what I have to say the strange circumstances that brought this about. The country had been threatened, and there was great need for the army. The people had gone out from every hamlet and village to offer battle for a common cause, common interest; this army had gone forth against the enemy, and there had been a victory won. But only one community did not send forth some victors in that army and that was the community of Meroz. When the victorious army is returning the prophetess is singing the glory of each clan, and each town, and each section of the country. In the midst of this glorious applause where every one is singing the praises of each section and each clan; in the midst of this song of praise of patriotic enthusiasm there comes this discordant note from the angel of the Lord: "Curse ye Meroz," saith the angel of the Lord. Why? Not because these people had proven traitors to their fellows in the sense that they had joined the army of their opponents; not because they had even harbored spies for the enemy; not that they had fed the enemies of their country in their dire need; but the only reason why these people were cursed was because they had an opportunity to contribute to the success of the battle, and they failed to embrace the opportunity, and the curse of Meroz is the curse of doing nothing, and if there is any emphasis that ought to be laid in every walk of life today it is that very emphasis to awaken men and women to the fact that there is a curse to the individual who fails to realize the fact that every good cause is God's cause.

You have heard it and others have heard it said on every hand that the business of the pulpit is to deal with religion, and I thoroughly agree with that statement. But there are those who sometimes realize that the pulpit has a door that opens wide enough to discuss the needs of every-day life, and there are those who do not define what religion really is; there are those in our day and generation who would have the minister of Christ, and those who profess to be the brothers of the church, to discuss the mistakes of Moses, and the failures of David, the drunkenness of Noah or such characters as these of olden times, but think that that individual who stands upon the pulpit and proclaims the fact that religion is that force in every human life that ought to touch every phase of life with which we mingle.

I believe upon the authority of the word of God, no man has the right to claim the religion of the Lord Jesus to be his unless that religion's principle as proclaimed by the son of God and is preached and practiced by him through life, shall touch every phase of life of that individual. Every good cause is God's cause, and no man can excuse himself from the performance of that duty which will enable the world to be better.

You have heard repeatedly the story of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves. The story has been told you from your youth up; how the bleeding man lays by the wayside; a priest, busy with his religious duties, hurries past on the other side; the Levite goes by, and looks upon the man who is wounded by the wayside and then passes on, until at last the good Samaritan comes and places him on his own beast of burden. We have heard this a good many times, and there isn't a man of you who ever heard that story of the good Samaritan who said within your heart and believed it with every power you possessed that that priest and Levite, though they had nothing to do with the wounding of the man, owed him something, and because that priest failed to pay his duty of brotherhood to the man by the wayside, and that Levite who failed to pay his duty of brotherhood to the man by the wayside, stands out today condemned by the judgment of every man who believes in the great Father. We owe it to the man by the wayside, and so I say, every good cause is God's cause, and no man can excuse himself from doing his duty.

You will remember also, most of you, that in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, the Son of God pushes back the curtain and gives us a view of the great judgment. He pictures the nations of the earth gathered to one great point, the Son of God himself coming as judge and dividing these people, as the shepherds divide the sheep from the goats, and says to those on his right hand, "Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was hungered and you gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in." "Lord, when we saw thee thus?" "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." And He shall say unto those on His left hand, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels." Why? What have they done? They are not drunkards, nor murderers; they are not liars, nor thieves. The scripture doesn't say so; but they had an opportunity to do good and they didn't do it, and condemnation comes upon them because they didn't do it when they had the opportunity to do good. So the angels of the Lord inject into the song of the prophetess in the long ago: "Curse ye Meroz," because they had the opportunity to do good and didn't do it.

I wonder what was the reason of their absence in this battle. They evidently were interested in it, for victory in this battle meant the saving of their crops. But perhaps they were cowards. They recognized the enemies against whom the army was to fight were men of war. They were well equipped according to their day and generation. These men of Meroz have said, "I am sort of afraid."

I believe with all my heart history will prove my statement to be true that any good cause in time would triumph over the wrong, if it wasn't for the fact that a great many of us are too cowardly to stand by our convictions of what we know to be true.

Mingle with men as you do; listen to them in their homes or in the club, or in the shop or factory; hear them speaking forth in freedom their expression of conditions—social, financial, political; hear them as they declare their convictions upon some great problem, and then watch them as the opportunity comes, and a call is made for volunteers to fight the enemy. Is it not true, oftimes, that wrong triumphs because we are afraid to stand by what we believe to be right? We are afraid of the opposing forces, afraid of the enemy; afraid to be on the losing side. Secondly, we are awaiting the applause. We are afraid that if we happen to be on the losing side we will hear the enemy shouting victory. And, like Peter of old, we will deny our cause rather than stand alone.

I cannot see how any man having convictions in his own heart, and knowing it, can surrender those convictions, as it not only injures his own life, but every other man's; or how that man could listen for applause. It seems to me that he would feel condemnation in his own heart. He ought to be ashamed to look his fellow-man in the face, if he has an opinion of right and is too cowardly to stand by it.

I recognize that men may differ in opinion; men may think differently upon any subject. I believe a man can be just as sincere in his opinion as you and I in our opinions. I do not ask a man who differs conscientiously to surrender his convictions, unless changed in his convictions. I have a right to speak; you have a right to speak. Every man has convictions upon right and wrong of every question between these two forces. Never under the stars of heaven will the community, State or nation be uplifted until men who have right convictions shall be courageous enough to stand by them.

These people of Meroz were, perhaps, afraid to go forth and they felt there were enough other people to go. It doesn't make any difference, there will be enough without the men of Meroz. It is true in this case from which our text is taken. The battle was won by the army that went forth, but many a battle for the right has been lost by the fact that many of the fellows stayed at home. The simple fact that you and I feel we are not important—we do not count formuch — we only count one—that one is a mighty factor oftimes in results. The simple fact that a man having convictions of right, realizing the opportunities that are his, realizing there is a war raging between right and wrong measures himself as being so small that he could not influence the result is no excuse. I again say that almost every great reform that has been lost, was lost, not because there were not a conscientious number of men who believed in it, but they thought their part in the whole conflict was so small that when the real test came they did not show their colors—they did not put themselves in line of battle. When the army went forth to battle they were at home.

Secondly, the cause failed, not because there were not enough people who believed in the righteousness of the cause, but because they were people like Meroz, who thought they were small and insignificant, they would not make much difference one way or another, consequently stayed at home and when the army returned, instead of being able to sing songs of victory over forces of wrong for the benefit of a great community, heard the cry and were discouraged themselves and discouraged others because they said, What is the use.

It is a fact of history, that the people for whom great heroes of the world have fought, and for whom they have suffered all things, the people themselves have been unwilling to help themselves. The reason why many a great and good cause against the wrong has failed is because you and I failed to recognize our personal responsibility and the importance of our presence in the great conflict. May I impress this upon your minds, whatever may be the battle of right against wrong, every man who fails to show his colors, and every man who stays at home when he ought to be in the front rank of the battle, that man shall hear as did the inhabitants of Meroz: "Curse ye, curse ye Meroz, because they came not to the help of the Lord against the Mighty."

Perhaps these people of Merez did not go into battle because they had to do so many things at home. They had so much of their own interests to look after—their vines, fig trees—a number of interests to look after, so they stayed within themselves. While this is a great battle and we are interested in the results, there are enough people to do that thing. I have to look after these, so they pruned their vines, took care of their trees, looked after their cattle and cared for their home. I have no doubt each night they listened to hear some messenger tell of what the army was doing at the front. Of course they were interested, but they had not many of their own interests. There is a lesson here, men, but I know just as you do that for a man to take a stand upon the right side and to let that stand be known in this community, means the fact that there is going to be pressure brought to bear.

A business man the other day in the Borough of Bristol, informed me that some time ago, this is ancient history, I suppose, though not so very far back, but that if the principal characters in the drama could be mentioned, you would recognize the names, this man did not seem to go along with certain conditions; he seemed to be doing some thinking for himself and acting upon it. He was informed: "If you do not stop doing your thinking we will drive you out of business." Think of that, men. That is not a new story; it is not fiction; it is a fact, and I know, out of my own experience. I have been warned, and was warned sometime ago that my resignation would be accepted. I was supposed to move, but large bodies move slowly. Do not smile? I tell you it is a mighty serious thing when all sorts of pressure is brought to bear on a business man who has a little business, that only furnishes him a livlihood. If he uses the power God gave him to think, he will be overwhelmed by a fear that he will be crushed until he will be unable to furnish his children with bread and butter, and some of us say, I know the right and I ought to do it, but I have these interests at home. I have to care for them, I must be careful, I must pot fight in the battle.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not think it the business of any man to play the part of a fool. I do not think it is just to the homes of some of the men of this town to say what I would say, but I do say this, and I say it with all my heart, when opportunity comes, as it does come, that every man who fails to do his duty and says I am in fear of these men and I have to surrender my manhood, that man will some day hear as did the people of Meroz—"Curse ye, curse ye." Your own vine and fig tree will suffer because you failed to recognize the fact that any vine and fig tree that is not reared by prayer and the principle of every man helping some other fellow, will eventually wither and die, and the fruit of it will fail to produce your desired result.

The men of Meroz were so interested in their own, they forgot the other fellow, and so my friends let me try to plant in your mind this seed, that the man whose only thought is himself, whose thought never goes higher than the circle of his own home and those directly connected with him, is the man who in this world will never be able to grasp the joy, the business, the prosperity and the happiness that was intended to be his by his creator, for no man who lives for self or selfish purposes can ever know the real joy of living. He will always live in the shadow, with a sense of fear, and with the sense that someone else is going to take from him that which he possesses. He will turn it over like the miser does his horde. Held within himself, it shall of every necessity shrink in value and fail to give what it ought to give.

The people of Meroz waited for return of battle, victory was won. The soldiers came home with banners flying, but these people had no part in the victory. The victorious crown will always have the great ingathering. You fellows know me pretty well, you hear me say a great many things about the great local option movement. My heart is very much interested in it. I can say this of it: If it could be positively demonstrated that the great local option movement is going to be a success, as I believe it is, a whole lot of people would be scrambling to get over yonder. If there was to be such an outlook that there was going to be a great Democratic landslide instead of overwhelming Republican majority, a lot of people would be scrambling over to be Democrats. There are some people who are on the side of Republicanism now, who, down in their hearts, are on the other side. A victorious leader has no difficulty in securing followers.

You know a great many people in this world are always ready to say: "I told you so, I thought it all the time, I knew it would come." I would rather be one of the men to go forth in the first battle. I would rather be the man who helped create sentiment than to reap the benefit after it is once created. I would rather stand in the front of battle of righteousness and be defeated overwhelmingly by the forces of evil, than be in a victorious crowd of evil.

The people of Meroz waited for the home-coming victorious army. No doubt they were ready to shout when they appeared, but the angel of the Lord gave the line to the prophetess to sing, and it was curse them, curse them, they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Every good cause is God's cause. That does not mean church polity, church workers, church anything, it is just as religious a thing for a man to vote right as it is to pray right, and it is just as religious for a man to do his part in the business world, to do honest business with his fellow-man as it is to come to the altar of God to pay his vows.

Every righteous cause is God's cause. Every righteous man recognizes his relationship to every relationship of life.

I pray God you and I shall be known in the community in which we live upon the question of right and wrong as far as conscience will permit us, not backbones so flimsical that you never know how we are going to stand, but be men who shall stand with power, crowned with God's own crown, after God's likeness which gives us the power to think, and we shall be victorious first of all in our own life and victorious in the lives of others by the course of our influence, victorious along the line of right, and thus we will aid in the transforming of the community in which we live, the state of which we are a part, the nation of which we are a part, as well as our Church and our homes.

May God help us then, men, to remember that we have a duty to perform when it comes to the question of right and wrong that cannot be sacrificed for anything that may be offered, and may you remember in every walk of life, the crown of right suppresses the wrong in your own life, you will reap joy, and have that breadth of vision, participating in the joy of those, though down-trodden may be lifted, and all men shall know that you and I will always be found upon the side of right, as far as we know it.

Cutting Red Tape.

Many amusing stories are told of ways in which postoffice officials, inclined to keep too rigorously to the letter of their regulations, have been thwarted. On one occasion a man asked for 240 penny stamps and tendered payment in copper. The official declined to receive it, whereupon the man began buying and paying for one stamp at a time. Before he had got a dozen in that way the postoffice official had surrendered. It must have been the same man or a near relative who one Sunday went into a postoffice that was open for telegraph business only. He handed in a sixpenny telegram and asked to be supplied with two stamps besides. No he could not have stamps; telegraph business only was transacted. Innocently he asked if he might have his telegram back for a moment to add something. He added four words to it and tendered the additional twopence. The form was returned to him with the stamps to affix. Crossing out the four additional words, he affixed the sixpenny stamp, pushed the telegram under the counter rail and walked out with his two stamps.—London Tatler.

Extreme Absentmindedness.

"The queerest case of absentmindedness that I have ever known of," remarked the night clerk of a certain hotel, "was that which happened at this hotel early yesterday morning. Two fellow boarders, one Jones by name and the other whose name is Brown, occupied a room on the third floor.

"Well, Brown requested me to have him wakened at 3 o'clock so as to allow him to catch the 4 o'clock train. He was awakened at the requested time, and in his hurry to dress himself he put on Jones' clothes by mistake. He did not discover his mistake until he reached the depot, and, would you believe it"—here the speaker paused—"when he found out that he was wearing some one else's clothes he immediately returned to the hotel and went right to bed."

"I don't see any absentmindedness about that," broke in one of the listeners.

"You don't? Why, he thought that I had awakened the wrong man."

When you sell an article by weight, remember that other people have scales.—Atchison Globe.

Safe and Sure.

Among the medicines that are recommended and endorsed by physicians and nurses is Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. For many years it has been regarded by doctors as the medicine most likely to cure coughs, and it has a strong hold on the esteem of all well-informed people. When Kemp's Balsam cannot cure a cough we shall be at a loss to know what will. At druggists' and dealers', 25c.

BENSALEM NEWS

After 45 Years of Service, Cornwells Station Agent Resigns.

The public schools of Bensalem open again on Tuesday, January 4th.

Miss Rachel Randall was entertaining friends at her home in Bridgewater on Sunday.

Mrs. Briggs Weaymens, of Croydon, has been quite ill and is under the care of a physician.

Master Russell Vandegrift, of Bridgewater, was visiting friends in Andalusia on Christmas Day.

The surveyors have recently been in Bridgewater, surveying land for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Waller, of Bridgewater, are spending some time visiting relatives in Philadelphia.

Franklin Baker, Sr., has been having his ice house filled from the pond at his summer residence in Bridgewater.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Satterthwaite, of Bridgewater, are spending several days with the former's parents in Fallsington.

After forty-five years of active service as ticket agent at the Cornwells station, George Wilde, of Cornwells, has resigned.

We regret very much to hear of the serious illness of Colonel States, of Cornwells, who is suffering with abscesses in the head.

Mrs. Frank Satterthwaite was recently entertaining her mother, Mrs. William Dyer, of Bensalem, at her home in Bridgewater.

Miss Mary Vandegrift entertained the Ladies' Aid of the Bensalem Methodist Church at her home in Bensalem on Wednesday.

The Christmas festival at the Eddington Presbyterian church is postponed one week and will be held on January 7th in the church.

William Davis and family, of Bridgewater, spent Christmas with Mr. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Watson Davis, of Eddington.

Mrs. David Heartless has returned to her home in Bridgewater from Connecticut, where she was called on account of the illness of her father.

Thomas B. Simons entertained the Sunday School Association of the Eddington Presbyterian Church at his home in Cornwells on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Reynolds and children, of Wissinoming, spent Saturday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Snyder at their home in Bridgewater.

Miss Mabel Gettel, of Croydon, who teaches the primary department of the Eddington schools, has gone to spend the Christmas holidays with her people in Shippensburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Watson Davis are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. Charles Thorne and daughter, Grace, of Jersey City, at their home in Eddington, for several days.

At the Eddington Presbyterian Church last Sunday, two boys, Alfred and Roy Rigby, walked over two miles through the drifts to keep up their perfect record of attendance. Alfred has not missed a Sunday in ten years and Roy not a Sunday in four years. Others came not so far but a few kept their record good.

A trolley was storm-stayed on Saturday afternoon near the Bristol cemetery. Quite a number were in the car among whom were Jonathan Vandegrift, of Bridgewater, and Louis Walton and friends of Andalusia. They stayed there all night and in the morning walked home. A gentleman and his wife, who were going to Torresdale, also walked there. Unfortunately, the sweeper was behind the trolley and it broke down. The trolley was not dug out until Monday.

Penns Manor.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mershon and son spent Christmas Day with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mershon.

Mrs. Harry Sterling and son, Harold, are spending the holidays at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Godwin, Morrisville.

We regret to state that there is no improvement in the condition of Mrs. George Baker, who has been confined to her bed for several weeks with inflammatory rheumatism. We sincerely hope she may soon recover.

There were no services in the chapel last Sunday evening, due to the condition of the roads. The roads were blocked with snow as high as the fences, and were not opened before Tuesday, when the Supervisor put a force of men on to open the way for the mail carrier. Telephone wires were put out of service.

The Christmas entertainment was held in the chapel on Thursday evening, December 23rd. The children did their parts well and great credit is due to the committee in charge. Santa Claus was there in splendid array, loaded down with gifts for everyone. The pastor and wife were presented with a handsome robe as a token of esteem by the church. The following programme was rendered:

Song, "Bells of Christmas-tide," by school.
Prayer, by pastor.
Scripture reading.
Recitation, "Christmas Greeting," Freda Greenlee.
Song, "Framed in Wreaths of Evergreen," by seven little folks.
Recitation, "God Bless Us All," Raymond B. Seidensticker.
Duet, "Christmas at Sea," Edwin and Freda Greenlee.
Recitation, "My Gift," Josephine Greenlee.
Song, "Hark the Song of Gladness," by school.
Exercise, "Hippity Hop," primary class.
Recitation, "A Glad Little Girl," Edna Robinson.
Solo, "Wonderful Night," Mary Satterthwaite.
Recitation, "Her Christmas Letter," Jane Greenlee.
Exercise, "Angels," intermediate class.
Recitation, "Christmas" Daniel Boone.
Song "Lo, a Burst of Glory" by school.
Recitation, "Christmas," Ida Swain.
Duet, "A Christmas Lullaby," Jane and Anna Greenlee.
Recitation, "O! Bethlehem, Blest Bethlehem" Amy Swain.
Song, "Ring the Merry Bells Today," by school.
Recitation, "What Santa Said," Andrew Beechtree.
Address, by pastor.
Collection.
Quartette, "That Wonderful Night."
Reading, "Annie and Willie's Prayer," Mary Satterthwaite.
Solo, "Beautiful Angels," Frank Vaneekhoven.
Exercise, "No Room," by four boys.
Song, "No Room in the Inn," Miss Seidensticker's class.
Recitation, "Christmas all the Year," Anna Greenlee.
Duet, "Do they think of me at home," Helen and Miriam Watson.
Recitation, "Note to Santa Claus," Bernard Robbins.
Song, "Peace on Earth," by school.
Chorus, "Sweet the Christmas Message."
Benediction.

Nearly 816,000 marriages took place in France last year.

NEWS AT THE COUNTY SEAT

Doylestown Shut In by the Christmas Blizzard.

ENGINEER OUSTED

Served Thirty Years as Borough Official and is then Dropped by Council.

For more than a week before Christmas, county seat folk were wishing for a white Christmas and they got it and then some. About nine o'clock on Christmas morning a fine snow sifted down, soon covering the ground with a mantle of white. It was Christmas day and but few people went out in the storm. By evening three or four inches had fallen and then the blizzard got in its work. About six-thirty the snow was coming down fast and heavy; a high wind accompanied it and soon drifts, almost impassible, were formed.

When the town woke up Sunday morning at least sixteen inches had fallen, but owing to the high wind nearly all of the sidewalks had from two to six feet of snow on them and the snow shovelers' task seemed a hopeless one. On many streets the man of the house, after having broken a pathway, found it filled again by the driving snow. Milkmen were scarce and the lacteal fluid was at a premium. No Sunday papers arrived except a few copies of the "Record." No Sunday school services were held and every one who could, stayed inside the house.

The trolleys were all out of commission on Saturday afternoon and all day on Sunday. The Willow Grove line was the first one opened, it not having suffered as much as the rest. The Bucks County Railway was opened to Newtown by Tuesday morning and the snow plow arrived here late at night. The Easton road opened at both ends by Tuesday noon. Hard luck with their big snow plow on Monday delayed them, the axle of one of the trucks broke and several valuable hours had to be wasted in putting a new truck under the plow. On its trial trip on Monday morning the new truck jumped the track opposite the old armory on West Court street and after a couple of hours of hard work was gotten back on the rails. However, Wednesday night saw the road opened, the drifts in some places measuring from twelve to sixteen feet in height.

The railroad was practically tied up on Saturday night although the midnight train with two engines got in at 2.35 a. m. On Sunday morning a snow plow came in from Lansdale and at noon the milk train, in charge of conductor Harry Miller, went out. Then there was nothing doing until four o'clock when a train from Philadelphia came in, turned around and started out again, sticking fast in a drift at Hood siding, about half way between Doylestown and Lansdale. There they stayed from five o'clock Sunday afternoon until they were dug out by a big snow plow which came across the Stony Creek road from Norristown, propelled by large freight engines. There was no train into Doylestown from four o'clock Sunday afternoon until twelve-thirty on Monday and over a hundred unhappy Doylestownians spent Sunday night in Lansdale, the most of them in the cold and wet waiting room of the railway station.

On Monday Street Commissioner Holcombe, with a force of thirty men started to dig out the fire plugs and open the crossings. It took nearly all of Monday to get at the fire plugs and it was not until Wednesday night that the crossings were opened. Streets like Clinton, Haney and Shewell avenues, blocked by ten feet drifts, gave the most trouble. By Wednesday the farmers were able to get into town; most of their trips, however, had to be made through the fields and reports of drifts as deep as twenty feet were not at all uncommon. It is worse than the blizzard of 1899 but does not approach that of 1888.

CONSTABULARY AFTER MURDERER.

The murder of Santo Barcalogue or as he was better known in the lower end "Sunday Barcalow," caused considerable excitement here. All day Saturday and Sunday, District Attorney Ryan kept the telephone wires hot and there is now but little doubt of the murderer's identity, in fact, it is believed by the authorities here, that the Trenton police either have the murderer in custody or, at least, under such close surveillance that his escape is impossible. District Attorney Ryan has given the State Constabulary a chance to distinguish themselves and while they may not be able to apprehend the murderer, they may render valuable assistance in procuring the evidence necessary for a conviction. James Russo is supposed to have committed the dastardly crime and the police authorities of the large cities are on the lookout for him. Fortunately, a good description of him was at once obtained and as the blizzard must have interfered with his escape, his alleged capture in Trenton is probably correct.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS DELAYED.

Owing to the blizzard but two Sunday schools were able to give their full programmes, the Reformed and the Lutheran; however, the teachers of the various classes in the other schools are holding on to the gifts, candies, oranges, etc., so that the youngsters will get them, eventually. The Christmas music of the churches, especially the Episcopal and Reformed, is more elaborate this year than ever before and will be given next Sunday. The Episcopal Church choir, which has been going around every Christmas eve for several years, singing carols, did not allow the storm to put a stop to their pilgrimage, but went out for nearly two hours, singing delightfully.

BOROUGH ENGINEER OUSTED.

Doylestown Borough Council held a short and very mild session on Monday night. The most important thing they did was to oust Brorough Engineer William J. Wintyen, who, for nearly thirty years has managed to succeed himself, but this year fell a victim by the desertion of President of Council, Wilson, who up to a week ago was one of this most ardent admirers. To Councilman George Watson "Bill" may attribute his defeat and what effect it will have on Councilman Watson's run in February, remains to be seen. Wintyen has many friends in the First ward and unless the Democrats come to Watson's aid he will be beaten. The trolley freight ordinances were taken up, but beyond giving them first reading and referring them to a committee of three for further investigation, nothing was done. All the big talk of what Council was going to do to the trolleys was dropped and Superintendent Lugar, of the Easton road and Attorney Ryan, of the Rapid Transit Company, led them aroud just where they wanted them to go and they never registered a single, solitary kick. Grundy's organ, "The Intelligencer," last week rather broadly intimated that the talk about the big stick was only a bluff and that certain men in Council wanted the representatives of the companies to come and see them and now popular opinion says that they were "seen" and from Monday nights' action the seeing was effective. The trolley companies will get all they want and get it just the way they want it. The ordinance permitting the Bucks County Railway Company's track passed second reading after having been amended so that the permission applies to passenger cars only.

JANUARY TRIAL LIST.

The trial list for January term of Civil Court is out and has but eighteen cases on it. The Judge called the list over and it was found that but thirteen of the eighteen are ready for trial. It will be a Doylestown Court as five of the thirteen marked for trial have at least one of the parties living here in the town.

Last week Judge Stout decided the "head tax" case from Bedminster in favor of the Supervisors and a sigh of relief went up from every township in the county. This was the one dollar a year tax imposed on non-resident real estate owners in the several townships of the State and declared by the Courts to be unconstitutional. The question at issue in the Bedminster case was the return of the three years tax collected before the law became void. Fortunately for the township it went their way but the Superior Court may take an entirely different view of it and compel the townships to disgorge the illeged tax. Townships like Bensalem and Bristol with large numbers of non-resident land owners would feel it most.

W. Harry Cadwallader, of this place, has been honored by his appointment as one of the honorary vice-presidents of the State Firemen's Association. It is the second time Doylestown has been honored in this way, although other towns have been seeking the appointment. One honorary vice-president is appointed for each county. Joseph G. Hart received the appointment at one time.

CHRISTMAS WEEK IN LANGHORNE

Personal and Church Items Incident to the Holidays in the Pretty Borough.

J. Randall Hibbs has been on the sick list.

Ralph Sweet is visiting his sister in Boston.

John E. Purry is about again, after an illness.

Franklin Briggs has a very satisfactory new auto.

Mrs. Arthur P. Townsend has been ill with tonsilitis.

Miss Ida Headley is spending the holidays at Roxboro.

Mrs. Heironymous is visiting relatives at Willow Grove.

John LeCompte has been ill with grip for several weeks.

Miss Eleanor Myers has a severe attack of rheumatism.

The town was quite full of snow-bound guests over Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Milnor has been visiting relatives at Morrisville.

Miss Anna Search Cliff, of Smith College, is home for the holidays.

Harry Gillam, of Swarthmore, is enjoying the vacation in Langhorne.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Bazzel entertained twenty-five guests on Christmas.

Mrs. John Boyland, of Philadelphia, has been visiting Mrs. John Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Edge, well known in this vicinity, sailed on Thursday for Jamaica.

Mrs. Rebecca Duffield was visiting her son at Flat Bush, Long Island, during the holidays.

The dance at the B. C. C. C. on Monday evening was a very successful and enjoyable affair.

Infant Baptism will be observed at the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning, January 9th.

Miss Ethel B. Mathers, of Philadelphia, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Horace G. Mitchell.

The Misses Mary and Jennie Arbogast have been spending their vacation at their parents' home in Freeburg.

Joseph Eastburn and family, of California, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Eastburn at "Home Farm."

People have been harvesting ice this season at the earliest opportunity, last winter's scarcity making them apprehensive.

Sunday morning at the Presbyterian Church there will be a New Year's service, the beginning of the week of prayer, ending on Friday.

Mrs. Wiggins and son, Oscar, of Wrightstown, and Justin N. Harding, of Philadelphia, were guests of Mrs. Joseph K. Harding on Christmas.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed in the M. E. Church on Sunday morning and in the evening a New Year's service.

This Friday evening the preparatory service at the Presbyterian Church will be followed by a social held in the lecture room under the auspices of the C. E. Before the new year opens there will be a short service in the church.

The Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor extends an invitation to all to attend the reception and watch night service in the M. E. Church parlor on New Year's eve. Social from 9.30 to 11 o'clock; watch service 11 to 12 p. m. Refreshments.

The Christmas celebration of the Sunday schools of the M. E. Church on Tuesday evening the 28th; the Presbyterian Church and the Friends First Day school, the 21st inst., proved very delightful and enjoyable occasions, the children acquitting themselves in a very creditable manner and the music of the two former schools very well rendered.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet this Friday, December 31, at 2.30 at Mrs. Angelina Whitson's, the meeting to be addressed by Rev. William W. Sweet, relative to the temperance situation in Kansas. Rev. Sweet is well qualified to speak of this state, which has for twenty-eight years been "dry," he having been born there and not even seeing a saloon until twenty years of age.

The second annual banquet for the men will be held in the Methodist Episcopal Church parlor on the evening of January 13th. Among the after-dinner speakers, will be Dr. Charles M. Boswell, National Secretary of the M. E. Home Mission Society; Senator Webster Grim and, perhaps, William B. Patterson, of N. Y., our National Secretary of the Methodist Brotherhood. An excellent menu will be provided by the Ladies' Aid for fifty cents, simply to defray expenses.

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

ANDALUSIA NOTES

An Interesting Review of the Week's Happenings in Our Beautiful Suburb.

We regret to learn that John Haslett is lying seriously ill from an attack that came to him on Sunday morning last.

Watch this column next Friday for the detailed programme of the entertainment of the following evening, (January 8th) at the King Library.

Miss Peale's kindergarten children left their school on Friday noon, well furnished with Christmas toys and goodies provided by the lady whose generosity to them is always so thoughtful and abundant.

We have been requested to note once more the meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary at the rectory on Thursday, January 6th, and the address to be made by Rt. Rev. Nathaniel M. Thomas, the Bishop of Wyoming.

We have not been authorized to make a report of it, but we think it will be a matter of pleasant public interest to learn that Mrs. Charles Biddle was the surprised recipient at Christmas of a most beautiful and elaborate table-set, hand-made and of heavy brass, consisting of a Russian Samovar tea-pot, bowl and tray, from the St. Agnes Guild, of which she is the efficient president.

We are in receipt of a New Year's card from Mr. and Mrs. Penniston, extending to us the greetings of the season, and through us to all others who remember these, our old friends. We assure them warmly that they are not forgotten, but are often pleasantly recalled. We well know that their message is heartily reciprocated here and that very many will be glad to extend them warm greetings and best wishes for the new year that opens tomorrow.

The holiday observances of All Saints parish began well with a goodly attendance at the early chapel service of Christmas and the usual services at All Saints, but on the following day both church and chapel services were omitted, owing to the great snow-fall. Sunday school was held, however, at the chapel with an attendance of fifty-one teachers and scholars, surely, a very gratifying showing and one which bespeaks much loyalty and zeal. The other end of the parish was practically impassable, no matter what the zeal of Sunday school and congregation.

Some of our fellow villagers will not soon forget their experience of Christmas night. Lewis Walton and Dorrance Wright returning from a meeting in Bristol at a late hour were snowed in on the trolley near the Bristol cemetery and passed the night in the car, making their way on foot the following morning to Eddington, whence they came later in the day on a sled. Rod Fries and Albert Bennett were on a Frankford trolley car, snowed in at Longshore street and made their way home by a long, dreary and toilsome trudge of several hours, taxing to the utmost their youthful strength and courage.

This year of 1909 has been, as is frequently noted, a remarkable year for the centenary birthdays of distinguished men. Among the most notable was that of our Abraham Lincoln whose hundreth birthday was celebrated on February 12th. On December 29th the English folk celebrated the day of Gladstone's birth one hundred years ago, who stands easily among the first and greatest who have honored their history. A greater difference there could hardly be between these noble men in birth, training, inherited tradition, personal advantage for education, culture and early probability of great accomplishment, and yet each man stands as a peer among his fellows, by virtue of an almost universal acclaim. Lincoln though, perhaps, not professedly a Christian man had faith in God and prayer that accompanied and emphasized a deep religious nature. Gladstone was the typical English "Churchman" in its highest and best embodiment. Both were politicians in a true and honorable sense and both were consecrated to the cause of human freedom, the one leading out of bondage a whole race whose slavery was a menace to the nation, that was itself responsible, the other seeking to do justice to the down-trodden smaller nations of the East, and whose last great effort in statesmanship was to advance the welfare of Ireland, by wise generous and far-seeing legislation against her peculiar wrongs.

Parkland.

John Stuard was again seen at this place one day recently.

William Kelly and family have moved from this place to Philadelphia.

Miss Lillian Greenlee was a Christmas guest at the home of Mrs. James Schulz, in Trenton.

Wilber and Hobson Jones were Christmas guests of their aunt, Mrs. Emma Moll, of Oakford.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thomsen spent Christmas in Philadelphia, at the home of their son, Henry Thomsen, Jr.

Edgar Carneal and son, Robert Carneal, of Fredericksburg, Va., were recent visitors at the home of Mrs. Annie Brady.

The acre of ground belonging to Mrs. E. Marie Prettyman Dunlop, deceased, was recently sold to Stanton Metlin, of Philadelphia, for $400.

Miss Elizabeth M. Fish was a Christmas visitor at the home of her brother, John T. Fish, in Fallsington, where there was a family gathering.

Many of our streets are still blockaded from the recent blizzard and graphic stories are being told by those out of town during the storm, and of their varied experiences in reaching home.

The public school was closed on Friday last for the holidays and will re-open on Monday, January 3rd. A Christmas treat was given to the pupils by their teacher, Miss Kate Alcott, of Newtown.

A WOMAN'S BACK.

The Aches and Pains Will Disappear if the Advice of This Bristol Citizen is Followed.

A woman's back has many aches and pains.
Most times 'tis the kidneys' fault.
Backache is really kidney ache;
That's why Doans Kidney Pills cure it.
Many Bristol women know this.
Read what one has to say about it:
Mrs. H. Louderbough, 574 Swain street, Bristol, Pa., says: "I frequently suffered from a pain across the small of my back and sides. I also had severe headaches and dizzy spells. I was unable to find anything that would give me relief until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at E. C. Erthal's Drug Store. They benefited me from the first and I, therefore, take great pleasure in recommending them."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Scotland's population is estimated to be close on five millions.

Tullytown.

Miss Elinore B. Caffee has been spending a few days with friends at Harleysville.

Miss Mildred C. Lovett, of Yardley, was a recent guest at the Methodist parsonage.

Successful Christmas entertainments were held by both the public schools and the M. E. Sunday school last week.

Harold Simpson, injured seven weeks ago in a railroad smash-up, is still suffering from the effects of the accident.

The employees of the Edgely greenhouses were gratified to receive from the management the gift of a Christmas turkey and other articles, tokens of the good-will of the firm toward their men.

Merritt Randall returned from the Jefferson hospital, Philadelphia, last Thursday, after seven weeks' treatment there for a dislocated knee-joint. The lad is now on crutches, but is improving daily.

James Speck, one of our oldest residents and most respected citizens, died at his home on Sunday evening, after several months of sickness from a complication of ailments. He is survived by his widow, two daughters and a son.

Special watch night services will be held in the M. E. Church next Friday evening. From eight to nine there will be held the regular Christian Endeavor prayer meeting with the topic, "Through this year with God;" from nine to ten a programme of music, readings, etc., will be rendered; from ten to eleven refreshments will be served and a social hour enjoyed; from eleven to twelve a watch night meeting will be held. Everybody is invited.

Next Sunday will be "charter day" in the M. E. Sunday school. That means that all who join the adult Bible class that day will have their names included among the charter members of the class. A novel invitation has recently been sent out, by which it is hoped to increase the membership of this class. All persons over sixteen years of age are eligible and are cordially invited to unite. After the charter is closed the class will become a permanent organization by the election of officers and committees.

PERSONAL NOTES FROM NEWTOWN

Miss Nellie Sellers, of Langhorne, has been visiting relatives here.

A number of family dinner parties were enjoyed on Christmas Day.

Miss Ella Rose, of Ewing, is visiting the family of Edward P. Hicks.

Harold Dean is now in the employ of M. J. Leedom in the grocery store.

Miss Rosa Wittington, of Easton, is visiting the family of H. B. Hogeland.

The St. Luke's P. E. Sunday school was entertained in the parish building on Tuesday afternoon.

A number from here attended the dance at the Bucks County Country Club on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Thatcher and son, of Flatbush, N. Y., have been guests of Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Elms.

Miss Lillian M. Stout will entertain her numerous friends on Saturday evening, January 8th, with cards.

Miss Helen Marshall, of Philadelphia, who formerly resided here, has been critically ill at her home in the city.

Mrs. Watson P. Church has issued invitations to her lady friends for a "Bridge" party on Tuesday afternoon, January 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Little have moved into their new home on Chancellor street, which they have recently remodeled.

Alfred H. Blaker, of Fox Chase, was in town last week bidding farewell to his friends before leaving for Texas, where he will reside for the present.

Mrs. S. J. Worstall and daughters, of West Chester, spent Wednesday and Thursday with relatives here and attended the reception given by Miss Helen T. Worstall on Wednesday afternoon.

Monday night men were working all night digging out the Trenton trolley tracks and on Tuesday morning A. F. Cleaver, proprietor of the Brick hotel, gave a breakfast to about twenty-five of the men.

Our town, like most of the towns in the county, has been well snowed up, the severe snow storm on Christmas day with the high wind blocked the railroad tracks and trolley lines so that people were stranded here, mails delayed and things generally at a standstill. An opera troupe that had a show in the hall on Saturday evening were unable to get away until Monday and spent a good portion of the time in the railroad station and in the cars. The trolleys were running in fair shape on Monday afternoon and by Tuesday afternoon the railroad tracks were shoveled through so that the trains were running on time. On Tuesday the mails were very heavy.

Eden.

Miss Louise Schubach, of Philadelphia, is a guest at the home of Frederick Lentz.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Johnson spent the week-end with friends in Brooklyn.

Joseph Keating, the seven-year old son of Thomas Keating is ill with typhoid fever.

Walter B. Satterthwaite, of Westtown Boarding School, is home for a ten days' vacation.

Edward Wenlock was a Christmas guest at the home of his son, William Wenlock, of Atlantic City.

Miss Anna Bromley spent the Christmas holidays with her sister, Mrs. George Satterthwaite.

Miss Bessie Wenlock spent Christmas Day with her sister, Mrs. George Charleton, in Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris M. Finley, of Norristown, were Christmas guests at the home of William D. Lukens.

Mr. and Mrs. William McKinley, of Newtown, spent the week-end with their daughter, Mrs. Harvey Bailey.

Rev. and Mrs. Maris Graves, of Philadelphia, are spending some time with their daughter, Mrs. George E. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Cutler were Christmas visitors at the home of Mr and Mrs. Henry Froelich, of West Philadelphia.

Christmas Day was almost a day of tragedy in this town when Mrs. Elizabeth Lentz and her son, John were discovered in their home, overcome by escaping gas. Prompt work on the part of Dr. J. B. Heritage, of Langhorne, saved them.

An unusually fine Christmas recital was given this year by the pupils of the public schools and much credit is due to the work and training of the teachers, Misses Iva B. Stradling and Esther J. Pancoast. A small admission was charged and the proceeds will be spent upon the library.

Nearly 10,000 beds in London hospitals are daily occupied by the sick and maimed poor.

A WEEK'S EVENTS IN HULMEVILLE

A Summary of the Christmas Visitors and Other Items.

Mrs. S. J. Illick and Miss Gertrude Johnson spent Monday in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Florence Keen, of Philadelphia, was visiting friends in town last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Haefner and family spent Christmas Day in Pennington, N. J.

Charles Theurer, of Trenton, was a visitor at the home of George Douglass on Monday.

Miss Irene Schneider, of Swarthmore, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schneider.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Smith and daughter, Frances, spent Christmas Day in Pennington, N. J.

Mrs. H. J. Illick is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Kunsman, of Bangor.

Mr. and Mrs. Andros Markgraf, of Philadelphia, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Polsenberg.

The trolleys running from Doylestown to Bristol were suspended for several days on account of the snow storm.

Mrs. Amy Worthington, Mrs. Harry Brown and son, Russell, spent Christmas Day with Frank Leedom and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Crosson spent Christmas Day with their daughter, Mrs. Edward Willet, of Trenton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bachofer, of Swarthmore, spent Christmas with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bachofer.

Raymond Willet, of Trenton, is spending the holidays with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Crosson.

Ellis Hartpence, of Trenton, and Miss Iva B. Warner, of Malvern, were visiting Mrs. Amy Worthington and family last Wednesday.

Miss Marian Gill, who is attending school at West Chester, is spending the Christmas holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs Harry Gill.

The Epworth League meeting of the M. E. Church will be led by Charles MacCorkle next Sunday evening. The topic will be "How to concentrate making religion a business."

Mr. and Mrs. James T. Vansant entertained on Christmas Day: Mrs. Martha Vansant and sons, Arthur and Fred, of near Fox Chase; William Vansant and family and John Vansant and family, of Bensalem; James Vansant, Jr., and family, of Cross Roads; Joseph Vansant and family, of Fox Chase; Clarence Vansant and family, of Bensalem; Mr and Mrs. Percy Haines and son, of Trenton; Howard Vansant and family, Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Praul, of Hulmeville, and Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey, of Woodhill.

The regular meeting of Hugh A. Martindell Post, No. 366, Grand Army of the Republic, was held in the Post room, Langhorne, December 21st. After the regular business of the meeting was gone through with, the Post went into an election of officers when; the following were declared elected by Commander Burton:

Commander, Anthony Burton; Vice Commander, George M. Reed; Senior Commander, K. Delaney; Quartermaster, J. R. Hibbs; Chaplain, C. H. MacCorkle; Sergeant, Thomas Sims; Officer of the Day, Daniel Hackett; Officer of the Guard, James McCafferty; Guard, Theodore Worthington; Representative, H. O. Baum. Alternate, J. R. Hibbs; Trustees, C. H. MacCorkle, John Hellings, T. Sims. A public installation on Tuesday evening, January 4th. Eden Council Guard, Sons of Veterans and the public are invited to be present.

Fallsington.

Edward Clemens has typhoid fever.

Miss Annie Moon, who had typhoid fever, is improving in health.

Mrs. Rachel Cadwallader Watson celebrated her 83rd birthday on December 24th.

Arthur Johnson has been taken to St. Francis Hospital, suffering with appendicitis.

The children's festival of All Saints Sunday school was held on Sunday afternoon, December 26.

Newton Myers and sister, Mrs. Mason were entertained at his son's, Lloyd Myers, on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Windle and son, Howell, of Washington, are spending the holidays at Charles Carver's.

Mrs. Charles Watson and Misses Edith and Dorothea Hibbs spent Christmas at Mrs. Edward Allen's at Laurel Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William Watson entertained their sons, Walter Watson, wife and son, Malcolm, Palmer and Philip, on Christmas.

Morris Breece, who has been driving a milk wagon for Charles Carver, has resigned his position and will run a milk route for himself.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Fish entertained their children, Mr. and Mrs. John Cooper and family, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy Wildman, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hogan, on Christmas Day.

Feed Prices This Week.

Corn, per bushel, old,	$ .80
Ear Corn, " "	.75
Oats, " " new,	.55
Wheat " "	1.20
Middlings,	1.50
Screenings,	.85
Bran, per cwt.,	1.40
Victor Feed, per cwt.,	1.50
Cracked corn, own make,	1.60
Baled hay, cwt.,	1.00
Baled Straw,	.80

12-10-tf W. F. LEEDOM, 529 Bath st.

In the West Indies a large caterpillar found on the palm tree is regarded as a great table luxury.

EVEN IF YOU HAD A NECK AS LONG AS THIS FELLOW AND HAD SORE THROAT ALL THE WAY DOWN Tonsiline WOULD QUICKLY CURE IT.

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The Bucks County Gazette

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Friday, Dec. 31, 1909.

THE NEW YEAR.

Have we ever thought of New Year's Day as a day of thanksgiving? There are already many things, big and little conventionally allowed to that day. We make good resolutions and perhaps calls, and take a holiday if possible. Does not the deeper, more significant thought suggest itself of giving thanks on that day, more than any other? Were it not for the tradition, nearly three centuries old, of having our great Thanksgiving Day on the fourth Thursday in November, had not custom fixed it so, probably for all time, it would seem to be the natural thing to celebrate it on the first day of the year. Not that we would cut down the few holidays that we have. Unlike some of the Latin lands, where nearly every day is a feast day, there is no danger that the strenuous Anglo Saxon will take too many. But the idea remains.

A year has gone by, a year which, no matter how unhappy we may believe ourselves, has given its gifts to all of us. Now that it is past and gone, we can review it, deliberately, dispassionately; can see where we have failed, where succeeded; what we have lost and what we have won. And who would dare say that life had done badly by us?

We have had the opportunities. If we refused them—but this is another matter. But the year has certainly given us some happiness, and for that we may well be thankful. And if truth forces us to see that our share of joy has been less than many of our fellows, at least we have had the chance, the golden opportunity, to overcome mishaps, and so grow in grace and character.

And if there is nothing else to be thankful for, here is a bright New Year spic and span and all our own, for each one to do as he wills with. Three hundred and sixty-five days to mold as we wish, or, if not quite as we wish, at least with the touch of a strong and valiant hand, which will leave its impress on all that it touches.

So let us go forth with thanksgiving in our hearts, and with that spirit dominating our lives, grateful for the world as it is, and like Mrs. Wiggs, be thankful "that the Lord didn't give us a hare lip," and with courage for the future and gratitude for the past, wish all men a Happy New Year.

The American bankers' association is the largest single employer of detectives in the country, and its work of this kind has been done by the Pinkerton agency since 1895. Now the job is to go to an agency started by William J. Burns, who has been doing effective work for the United States government in the western land frauds cases. Failure to agree upon terms caused the break with the Pinkertons, who have a great accumulated knowledge of professional bank crooks. As most of the older crooks are dead or in jail, it is felt by the association's officers that a change can be safely made.

COURAGE TO BE AN INSURGENT.

Success Magazine, which is one of the most powerful and consistent agencies in the warfare against corrupt politics, has turned its engines of destruction against the Cannon machine and urges defeat for every Congressman who supports Speaker Cannon. In justification of his belligerency the magazine editorially says:

It the public could for one moment understand the gravity of the present situation it would rise, to a man, and remove by force, should his "rules" provide no peaceable method—the stupid, profane, un-American obstructor of all progress who today occupies the marble chair of the Speaker and wields the gavel of authority.

These are strong words—the strongest we have ever uttered on this unpleasant subject. We utter them now because we know what the Cannon Ring stands for.

The Cannon Ring stands for the shameless and complete exploitation of our national resources—which are our national assets—by private corporations.

The Cannon Ring stands for a ship subsidy, a high tariff, a fat pork barrel, dishonest Government contracts, a demoralized and dishonest customs service, and for every other device useful in stealing money from a wide-open treasury.

The Cannon Ring stands for tricky and desperate opposition to postal savings, parcels post, income tax, improvement of the nation's waterways, scientific tariff revision, direct election of Senators—to representative government and to Democracy itself.

In the past the Cannon Ring fought against the railway rate law, the meat inspection law and the Pure Food law but was finally forced to act by an aroused public and by Theodore Roosevelt.

Really, this Cannon Ring is perfectly, hopelessly rotten. It is in no sense a Republican institution. Cannon was elected Speaker last March through the assistance of Tammany Hall.

The Cannon Ring is sodden with political vice. It is drunk with long-continued power. And now, quite aware that its day is over, Cannon himself is well known to be ready, when next the Congressional cards are shuffled, to throw the power to the Democratic half of the Ring in order to prevent progressive and intelligent men from grasping and wielding this power. For Cannon hates progress and intelligence as Richard III, hated manly beauty.

Naturally the little group of clean-thinking, right-minded Republicans in the House have no place in the Cannon Ring; so they are called Insurgents. These Insurgents know the truth. They are fighting for two essential things—honesty and progress.

It takes courage to be an Insurgent. Such a one finds the whole power of Government apparently bent on crushing him. The Ring works busily to discredit him in his district. Cannon throws him off his committees. The Senate machine bears down on him. President Taft and his Cabinet, with all their powerful allies, work against him. And yet there he stands today, wondering, sometimes if the whole world is conspiring for evil, but continuing blindly and sturdily to fight for those essentials—honesty and progress.

Five employes of the Sugar trust have been convicted on charges of complicity in the frauds on the United States customs at New York. It is recognized of course that they were merely the tools of men higher up in the service of the trust. We are now to see whether the principals in this great thievery are to be detected and punished.

After the Wilson tariff bill had been treacherously emasculated in favor of "business" and passed by Congress, President Cleveland refused to sign the measure and denounced it as a measure of "perfidy and dishonor." After the same knavish treatment of the Payne bill by a Republican Congress smiling President Taft signed the bill and proclaimed it to be "the best tariff act ever passed by any Congress." Vox populi, vox Dei! How long, oh, Lord, how long?

The coolness between President Taft and Senator LaFolette must have been intensified by the senator's disposition to fan the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy by his strong anti-Ballinger editorials in LaFolette's Weekly. These acid comments have undoubtedly eaten into the President's skin and aroused his anger. The Senator, in fact, appears to have little concern as to his relations with the White House, and he must be fully prepared for an open break. How far the administration can safely go in attempting to expel him from the Republican party is a delicate question that should not be settled offhand, since the Republicans of Wisconsin as a mass cannot be safely ignored. At present the senator seems likely to be returned for another term, regardless of the intense dislike felt for him by the Republican leaders of the Senate and by Mr. Taft himself.

The Washington government faces the necessity of a bond or debt issue at least to the extent of taking care of the Panama canal expense. The president has been in conference with Secretary MacVeagh and Senator Aldrich on the subject. The treasury's cash balance has now reached a very low level. It amounts in free funds immediately available only to about $23,000,000, while the deposits in the government banks are down to $537,000,000 and these cannot well be drawn upon further. Meantime current expenditures continue to exceed receipts. Not since the second Cleveland administration has the federal treasury been in so depleted a state. And yet at the last regular session of Congress the sum of thirty-three millions of dollars was voted away for postoffice buildings in districts that need them no more than does Bristol the proposed $75,000 Federal edifice.

The Republican "insurgency" is even spreading in Ohio. That former thick-and-thin party organ, the Cleveland Leader is printing editorials in vigorous assault on "Cannonism," "Aldrichism," etc. This is also true of the Toledo Blade and other papers that might not long ago have been placed in the orthodox class. The Ohio State Journal, of Columbus, undertakes to speak of the party throughout the State when it says:

The people of this state are disgusted with the subserviency of its representatives and senators to Cannonism and Aldrichism, and they propose to end it at whatever cost. Republicans will not go on voting to maintain a system of political control dictated by the interests and obedient to a selfish bossism. The Republican party was organized for liberty and equal rights, and it does not propose that the high ends shall be lost sight of in a struggle of privilege or the domination of political oligarchy.

At this rate a big shake-up in Ohio's Congressional representation should be due about next fall. The President's subserviency to Senator Aldrich in the tariff revision does not seem to have taken very well in his home state.

The people are just beginning to learn of the great frauds perpetrated at the extra session of Congress when the country was buncoed on the alleged revision downward of the tariff. For instance in the metal schedule, besides the notorious lead swindle to aid the Guggenheimer trust, tungsten, used for incandescent electric lights and alloy for the manufacturing of steel tools, springs, piano wires, etc., where extreme hardness is needed, has been increased from $4 a ton to about $50 a ton, and similar advances have been made in ferro silicon, a metal used for improving the quality of cast iron, and on antimony, a valuable alloy in type metal, pewter and other metals. The result will be an increased cost of all articles of which these metals are important ingredients.

In the sugar schedule the consumers are taxed two cents a pound for one of the most necessary articles of the dining table. The phraseology of the bill, in the sugar schedule, is such as to enable the refiners to levy a tribute upon the American people for the purpose of enriching themselves. This bill practically requires every pound of imported sugar to pass through the refiners' hands before it reaches the American consumer and from every standpoint of justice and equity this schedule should have been readjusted. But instead, the graft of the band of criminals that sit around the table of the board of directors of the American Sugar Refining Company is by this bill to be continued.

And still the politicians who control the Republican party in all of its ramifications preach "regularity." Rot!

What Texas Has.

Galveston News.

While it may be almost impossible for some to appreciate the vast territory within the borders of the State, a statement of its wonderful resources yet in the infancy of their development and some yet as virgin as when the earth rounded into its present form, will stagger the most credulous.

Texas has—

More wheat lands than both Dakotas.

More corn lands than Illinois.

More fruit lands than California.

More timber lands than Michigan and Wisconsin combined.

More rice lands than all the rest of the States.

More marble than Vermont.

More granite than New Hampshire.

More petroleum than Pennsylvania.

More cotton than any other two States, producing one-third of the crop of the United States.

More iron than Alabama.

More gypsum than any other State.

More lignite than the whole of Europe.

More kaolin than the whole of Europe.

More railroad mileage than any other State.

Coal fields that cover an area of 80,000 square miles.

And a thousand other things unequaled by any other State in the Union.

Some fine fat jobs still exist under the fee system in Chicago's scheme of municipal government. For instance, there is the oil inspectorship which pays the incumbent about $20,000 a year. The Record-Herald cannot see where the work and compensation agree, and asks: "Has Chicago ever had an oil inspector whose services were nearly as valuable as those of the secretary of state and the chief justice of the United States combined?"

Blue, pink and aquamarine diamonds were recently exhibited in London.

A VISIT TO BLOOMSDALE SEED FARMS

Paper Read at Indianapolis by a Market Gardener to Market Gardeners Concerning Bristol Seed Farms.

The following paper was read by Edward L. Deitz, a market gardener, at Indianapolis, Ind., at a meeting of market gardeners, and was published in the Marion County Mail, Indianapolis, on August 6, 1909, and tells of a visit of expert vegetable growers of Indiana to the Bloomsdale farms of the D. Landreth Seed Company of Bristol. The paper is as follows:

MR. DEITZ'S PAPER.

With the intention of observing and determining relative claims of various seed merchants in the East, we, a self-constituted committee of investigation, started, on the 30th of May, on a special journey of four hundred miles to visit Philadelphia and New York to see for ourselves and endeavor to judge who among the rival merchants soliciting seed orders from market gardeners, were best worthy of obtaining and possessing the confidence of market gardeners whose livelihood depends upon obtaining seeds of the greatest purity.

We will first remark that we found all of the Eastern seed firms to have fine seed stores full of everything which a market gardener could probably wish for, but not one of them has a large and practical seed farm like the Landreths; nothing approaching to it by eighty per cent., for it was a revelation to us as to extent of methods of culture and great diversity of operations, to say nothing of the surpassing beauty of the location and attractive park-like surroundings.

The Landreths do not run a city store, not even a city office, but are in every respect operating right in the country—the storehouses, offices, residences, are in the centre of broad fields of vegetables growing for seed. The Landreth firm is in every way practical and up to date as to extent of operations; in fact as seed growers on their own lands are head and shoulders above anything we saw. They are not storekeepers, but growers.

Bloomsdale has a river front of a mile and a half along the Delaware river, across which is a market garden almost from one end to the other, for the supply of the immense vegetable and fruit-consuming populations of Philadelphia, New York and Boston, all within reach, and taking everything that can be grown. Not these cities alone, but all the seaboard population from Philadelphia to Boston, amounting to twenty millions of people. In fact every farm in south and middle New Jersey is a market garden—a State producing more dollars to the acre than any State in the Union.

We have said the Bloomsdale Farms are situated on the river bank of the Delaware. Along the back of the farm is a canal running up to the coal regions of Pennsylvania and passing through the farm lengthwise is the New York Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, four tracks, over which passes two hundred passenger trains daily, the greatest railway artery in the world. The land is level as a prairie, a brown sandy loam in every respect suitable for market garden operations, for seed-growing operations, although on broader fields, are just the same as market garden operations as respects the period of sowing seed and culture, but with the additional work of continuing the cultivation of the matured vegetables until seed time and harvest, a process prolonged, never less than two months, sometimes for six, often eight months, as in the case of cabbage, turnip, beet, beyond the period of time devoted to it by the market gardener who sells the developed vegetable soon as grown to marketable size.

The visit was so entirely different from anything else in our experience and so deeply interesting, that a brief description of that most notable day will no doubt be profitable information to the market gardeners of Indianapolis.

These farms of the Landreths are located at Bristol, Pennsylvania, 20 miles above Philadelphia, and 70 miles south of New York. The Delaware river at this point is a deep and noble stream, one mile wide of blue water, one hundred and thirty miles up from the ocean, although occasionally used by ocean steamers.

As before remarked, the opposite shore is that of New Jersey, where is grown everything in the line of vegetables, and where there are enormous canning factories for tomatoes, corn, egg plant, squash, pepper, pumpkin—everything that is put up in tins or glass. But before commencing to can these vegetables they are shipped so long as prices are profitable, to the great markets of Philadelphia and New York. Here, also in New Jersey, are grown large quantities of garden seeds for the Landreths, who supply contracting farmers with choice Bloomsdale-grown or pedigree seeds.

On Bloomsdale the seed crops were so large and so varied and so continuous one after the other that it was impossible for us to visit them all but we walked enough to completely tire us out, and were astonished with the great practicability of the whole establishment as a seed farm so superior to any other as to be beyond comparison. Cabbage, kale, Colards, tomatoes, rutabagas, mustard, radish, parsnip, sugar corn, spinach, onion seed, onion sets, pumpkins, cucumbers, beans, etc., etc., are all cultivated with the greatest nicety, and hardly a hat full of weeds to be seen.

The biennial plants, as cabbage, kale, onion, etc., grown last summer and carried over winter, were in full bloom, but the annual plants, as radish, spinach, etc., sown this spring, only partially developed, many just above the ground. The turnip fields were immense; we were shown 39 acres of one variety. We were shown 49 acres in onion sets on which fields from 90 to 125 and even 150 pounds of seed had been drilled to the acre; many varieties of radish in fields of six to eight acres; and so on throughout the entire list, inclusive of 60 or 70 acres of tomatoes, planted and to be planted. We saw enough tomato plants in the beds to set out 150 acres, all of which goes to show the extent of the operations.

The farm is divided into fields of about six or ten acres, all separated by headlands of eight feet, marked by whitewashed posts, the whole presenting a sort of checker-board effect, each space occupied by a crop of different habit and different color. The view from the top of the belfry looking down upon this most unusual panorama of varied crops, and beyond over the surrounding Delaware Valley and across the river was very charming.

While the entire farm is a "trial ground" on a most extensive scale, the special "trial grounds," where 100 plants of every seed from every source are tested side by side, was particularly interesting. These special trial grounds, occupying about eight acres all told, divided into five or six various patches, were a study in themselves, and when the plants are further developed than they were at the time of our visit, will be like a reference library to a market gardener or to any student of vegetable variation. At the time of our visit, 200 trials of table peas were just breaking into bloom, and 150 trials of sweet peas were just budding, the sorts arranged as to class and color, as, for example, all reds together, all whites together, and so on; this being done to aid an intense comparison as to merit. One hundred and fifty trials of sugar corn were vigorously growing, and just so two hundred trials of bush beans and nearly one hundred trials of pole beans. The tests of ornamental flowers will be of exceeding interest later on. Last year these quality tests numbered 8,000, while the germinative tests numbered 24,000.

Among the radishes we were impressed with the 15-Day White Turnip and the 15-Day Scarlet Turnip, both producing flat-bottomed bulbs about three-fourth inch in diameter, mouse-tailed, really thread-like roots, tops not two inches high, foliage so small that the plants can be grown in a frame of hot-bed in rows three inches apart, yet producing bulbs of just the right size and maturing for market in fifteen days from germination, and most remarkable in every good quality. Another radish which particularly struck our fancy was Landreth's Wonderful Half Long, a brilliant scarlet growing four inches long and terminating in a point—the handsomest of all the long red radishes. Among the scarlet turnips we especially noticed the Landreths' Extra Special White Tipped, which is a turnip-formed sort, a brilliant scarlet with a white bottom, the white rising half way up the bulb; a mass of them presenting, when pulled, a most attractive appearance. The Scarlet All Seasons was a dandy, red all over and edible at all stages within one month to five months old, always solid and keeping all winter with the freedom of a potato.

The cabbage and cauliflower tests of one hundred plants each, of over 250 named sorts, which we were told every autumn covered over two acres, must be of exceeding interest to a market gardener.

The earliest trials of spinach were in perfection, the Bloomsdale variety being by all odds the most productive leaf, and altogether the most attractive. We noticed one which was similar, but we believe greatly superior, to the Indianapolis Winter or Thick-leaved, being of the same shape of leaf and same color, but three times as productive, and we believe it will take like wildfire with the Indianapolis market gardeners.

Among kales we noticed the Bloomsdale Dwarf Curled as exceeding choice.

The lettuce tests were not sufficiently developed to indicate quality, but were extensive and admirably arranged in classes as to similarity.

The farm buildings are most extensive, one structure, an immense stone warehouse, was erected over one hundred years ago, or, to be exact, in 1807, as appears from a date stone in the wall. The packing house, 160 feet long, is of stone. The other buildings are all frame with slate roofs. There are five three-floored drying houses, which in the summer are used as seed barns before threshing, and in the winter for storehouses for peas, beans and corn. On the farm are twenty-five tenant houses for plowmen.

The mansion house, facing the river, a large building of twenty-six rooms, was erected away back 155 years ago, or in 1752. This mansion house has the distinguished history of being bombarded by a British flotilla in 1777. It stands embowered in vines in the midst of park-like lawn of about thirty acres planted in rare trees collected from all parts of the world. The rhododendrons and azaleas were in full bloom, masses of all colors; some of the bushes great scarlet globes twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. Many of the finest specimens of rare trees in the United States are to be found at Bloomsdale.

The proprietors are Mr. Burnet Landreth and his three sons, all practical seed farmers as well as merchants. Certainly they should form a strong team—the grandson and three great-grandsons of the founder of the business in 1784, this being their one hundred and twenty-fifth (125) year in business.

While at Bloomsdale we were shown the Roll of Honor, a list of ninety-five (95) old employes who for a long while were in harness—28 over thirty years, 12 over forty years, two over fifty years, and one of sixty-eight years service. There are records of some hundreds of others of twenty years.

A visit to Bloomsdale is worth the time to anyone, as there without doubt can be better observed than anywhere else in the country, processes of sowing, cultivating and harvesting and putting up seeds.

Of course the business of the Landreths is not confined to seeds alone raised on Bloomsdale, for to a very large extent the farm is devoted to raising stock seeds of super-excellence to be given out to contractors who raise crops from pedigree seeds saved on the Bloomsdale fields, these contracted crops from Bloomsdale pedigree seeds being raised not only in a hundred locations in the United States by tested experienced farmers, but in England, France and Germany, for while nearly all vegetables can be successfully grown in this country, the seedsmen have to go abroad for some seeds, as for example, to Denmark for cauliflower.

Committee—Edward L. Dietz, with Koerner, Wolsiffer & Dietz; Fred Wegloft, Henry Brehob.

Comets.

We know positively that comets attain their immense extension in space on account of the material comprising them being excessively tenuous, thinner than the lightest filmy haze of summer, says Professor Harold Jacoby, for we know the comets are not massive, they are almost entirely without weight. And this we know with certainty, because their arrival produces no perturbations of motion among the planets of the solar system, while the inexorable laws of mechanical science tell us that a massive comet must surely disturb the usual orderly planetary orbits. A comet might, indeed, strike the earth, though such a collision is most improbable. But even if it should ever occur the visible effects would probably be no greater than those produced occasionally by meteorites, or "falling stars."

The other possible danger from the comet, the chance of suffocation from gases in the tail, is also negatived by actual observation, for it is almost certain that our earth did once pass through a comet's tail, and no one noticed it at the time. Only the subsequent calculations of astronomers brought out the fact that the cometary orbit and that of the earth really had a common point of intersection and that both bodies occupied that point at the same time.—New York American.

Doubtful Praise.

A fullback in a football team once had the misfortune to put the ball through his own goal. This regrettable error lost his side the game, and he suffered agonies of self reproach on the long journey home.

"I'm no more use than a chocolate footballer," he said to his sweetheart, who had traveled many miles to see him play. "A slip of a boy from school would have shaped better than I did."

"Now, George, I won't let you say such horrid things about yourself!" declared his loyal sweetheart. "You've no idea how popular you are. I heard a gentleman praising you up to the skies this afternoon."

"Never!" emphatically exclaimed the incredulous player.

"Oh, but it's quite true!" she said proudly. "He said you'd brought his club the best bit of luck they'd had for ages, and he heartily wished you were playing against them in every match."—Exchange.

Melodrama to Suit the Locality.

In New York.—Marry me and give me those papers and you will receive $500,000 in cash. Refuse and I'll toss you from the Brooklyn bridge!

In Wilkesbarre, Pa.—And you will receive seventy acres of richest anthracite coal. Refuse and you go into a coal breaker! Choose!

In Denver.—And you will receive 7,000 shares of Umpste gold mining stock, worth umpsts dollars a share. Refuse and you will be c-r-r-rushed in a stamp mill to p-o-o-wder! Choose!

In Memphis, Tenn.—And you will receive 10,000 bales of finest cotton. Refuse and you go into the cotton gin! Choose!

In North Carolina.—And you will receive 18,000 barrels of turpentine. Refuse and you shall be boiled in resin! Choose!—Puck.

"He married money, didn't he?"

"No; he thought he was marrying money, but he merely married something else that talks."—Exchange.

Theaters of Different Ages.

The difference between the playhouse in which we see a drama of Bronson Howard's today and the playhouse in which Sheridan's comedies were originally acted is greater than the difference between Sheridan's Drury Lane and the house for which Congreve wrote and in which Betterton acted. And that restoration playhouse was very unlike the Elizabethan theater for which Shakespeare wrote and in which Burbage acted. Even more apparent is the difference between the theater of Dionysius at Athens and the Roman theater at Orange. These theaters are sharply distinguished from one another by their size, by their shape, by their methods of illumination, by the absence or presence of real scenery and by the arrangement of the seats for the spectators, and as we study these successive changes we are confirmed in the conviction that these physical conditions must have exerted a powerful influence upon the dramatists who followed one another down the centuries.—Brander Matthews in Century.

Wisdom in Fable.

Among the best things that have ever been written are the Aesop's fables, which date back to the sixth century B. C. They present human nature as it always has been, is and probably always will be. Take, for example, the story of "The Fox Without a Tail:"

"A fox was once caught in a trap by his tail and in order to get free was obliged to leave it behind. He knew that his fellows would make fun of his tailless condition, so he made up his mind to induce them all to part with their tails. At the next assemblage of foxes he made a speech on the uselessness of tails in general and the inconvenience of a fox's tail in particular, declaring that never in his whole life had he felt so comfortable as now in his tailless freedom. When he sat down a sly old fox rose and, waving his brush, said, with a sneer, that if he had lost his tail he would be convinced by the last speaker's arguments, but until such an accident occurred he fully intended to vote in favor of tails."

Peculiar Superstitions.

The people of Kulu are extremely superstitious and go in extensively for demonolatry. Many trees are held to be sacred and have tiny temples dedicated to them. The demons are popularly supposed to live at the tops of trees, and if a tree falls in such a way that it is possible to pass under it as is often the case on the mountain sides every man before going beneath the trunk will place on it a stick or a stone to propitiate its guardian spirit. Mountain streams are also sacred, and no one is allowed to wash dirty clothes in them. One year some strangers came into the valley and happened to pollute the water of a river in this manner. It chanced to be a year of extraordinary rainfall, and the people implicitly believe that the excessive rain was sent by the outraged "deota" of the stream as punishment.—Wide World Magazine.

Helping Hubby Out.

"Your wife seems to be wonderfully interested in your business. Must be a source of great satisfaction to you."

"Yes, indeed. Do you know I used to think she cared nothing about it."

"Why the change?"

"I don't know. That's the funny part of it. I can't imagine what has changed her. A few nights ago I went home tired most to death, and during the evening I casually remarked, 'Jole, my business is getting most too much for me to handle. I am thinking of employing a nice, steady stenographer and typewriter. Don't you think it would be a good idea?' From that moment the good little woman has been extremely anxious to assist me and make my lot easier in every way. I suppose it's her natural sympathetic nature. It must be."—Boston Herald.

A Brilliant Judge.

Steady Baker was at one time mayor of Folkestone, England. Once a boy was brought before him for stealing gooseberries, and Steady, aware of the importance of the case, turned over the pages of the alphabetically arranged "Burn's Justice" for a precedent. Failing to find one, he turned to the culprit. "My lad,' said he, 'it's lucky for you that you were not brought here for stealing a goose instead of for stealing gooseberries. There is a statute against stealing geese, but I can't find anything about gooseberries in all 'Burn,' so let the prisoner be discharged, for I suppose it is no offense.'

The Way Down.

They had been making hay while the sun shone, and when they had finished a high haystack the farmer's boy shouted from the top, "Say, mister, how am I goin' to get down?"

The farmer considered the problem and finally solved it:

"Oh, jest shet yer eyes an' walk round a bit!"—Everybody's.

Notwithstanding.

"Here, hold my horse a minute, will you?"

"Sir! I'm a member of congress."

"Never mind. You look honest. I'll take a chance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What's Watts?

The Mayor—Watts' wife is a suffragette.

The Colonel—What's Watts?

"A sufferer."—Smart Set.

Those who attain any excellence commonly spend life in one common pursuit, for excellence is not gained upon easier terms.

Wells in India.

The question of wells in India is complicated by the coexistence in each community of two castes—the purer Hindoos and Gonds on the one hand, the weavers on the other. No weaver may draw from the well of the Hindoos lest it be defiled, nor will the Hindoo drink from the hands or the well of a weaver. Thus it becomes necessary either to dig two wells or to depute a certain number of the Hindoo element to give water to their less exalted fellow villagers.

Almost Human.

"Oh, George," tearfully exclaimed his wife, meeting him at the door, "that parrot you brought home the other day"—

"What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Ferguson.

"I don't know. He won't tell me. When I ask him what the trouble is he just swears dreadfully."—Exchange.

A Bright Boy.

"The gentlemen who came to see daddy said I was one of the most intelligent children they ever saw," said little Jack.

"Indeed!" said the proud mother. "Did you recite 'Little Drops of Water' for them?"

"No. I refused."—London Mail.

A Suggested Improvement.

Mrs Feedem (to star boarder)—Could you suggest any improvement in my menu? Boarder—Well you might make the experiment of transferring the respective qualities of the coffee and the butter.—Baltimore American.

Death is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.—Beecher.

Passing of the Organ Blower.

"The organ blower is passing. He will soon be like the armorer, extinct," said a musician. "It's a pity. He was a quaint type.

"Most of my blowers were simple minded old chaps who firmly believed they must suit their blowing to the music. In soft, light passages they blew soft and light. When the crescendos thundered forth they worked frantically, blowing with all their might and main.

"Often a facetious reporter on the local paper would refer to 'the excellent blowing of the organist's assistant, Mr. Bellows.' Then the blower in his vanity would develop all the affectations of a Paderewski or a Sousa. Now he'd blow delicately, a dreamy smile on his lips, his eyes half closed. The music would change to a march and he'd stump his foot in time, while up, down, up, down, the old bellows, in time also, would be jerked. At a climax his face would redden, he'd bend to his task and blow so fast and furious that the organ would nearly burst."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Another Case of Faith.

"I wrote a medical friend of mine in London about a curious discovery which I made recently quite by chance but which I shall never publish to the world through the scientific journals," said a Brooklyn doctor last week.

"Not long ago this friend sent me about fifty little dark colored pellets, and he wrote me that they were a new combination of drugs that he had found particularly good in cases of brain fag. He asked me to try them on my patients and report. During the next month or so I doled out the pellets to several of my patients who came around complaining of tired nerves. All of them said that the medicine did them a lot of good. Yesterday, however, I was going through my office desk and discovered those pellets from London intact in the plain envelope in which I had placed them. A hurried but anxious investigation disclosed that I had been administering to my nerve weary patients some wistaria seed that my wife had gathered, put in a plain envelope and laid inadvertently on my office table."—Exchange.

No Lie After All.

They were telling fish stories and at last the tall, lank man on the cracker barrel said:

"I went down to the river this morning, and, although the water was high almost to a flood, I took a ten foot pike"—

"Stop there!" exclaimed the fat man with the corncob pipe. "Tell us you took an eight pound trout, and I'll sit idly by, but a ten foot pike—never! Ananias died for less than that."

"I took a ten foot pike pole," continued the unruffled tall, lank man on the cracker barrel, "and in less than five minutes I hooked out a fifteen foot bass"—

"See here! See here!" yelled the man who owned the grocery. "You'll have to go way from here to finish that lie. I hain't got no lightnin' rod on this store yit."

"I hooked out a fifteen foot bass wood log," persisted the tall, lank man, "and I want to ask how much you think I kin git for it."

If a chameleon becomes blind it loses its power to change its hue and remains a blackish color.

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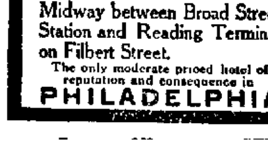

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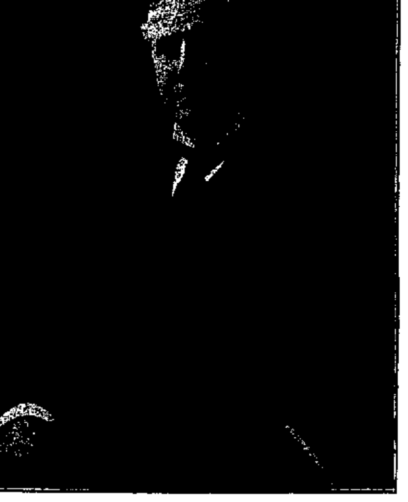

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Bucks County Views

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3 Large Rolls Toilet Paper,	10c
Three 5c. Boxes Matches,	10c
Fancy Whole Grain Rice, lb.,	5c
Large can of Tomatoes,	8c
12c. Maine Corn, can,	9c
10c. York State Corn, can,	7c
Lemon Cling Peaches, can,	15c
"Sweet Bloom" Butter, lb.,	39c
Mocha and Java Coffee, lb.,	27c
Chloride of Lime, big can,	6c
New Seeded Raisins, pkg.,	8c
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Tumbler Horse Radish,	4c

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SECRETARY.

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Authorized Capital,	$250,000
Capital Paid in,	125,000
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Acts as Administrator, Executor, Guardian, Trustee, Assignee, Receiver, Committee, Agent &c.

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CARPETS beaten, sewed and laid. Window Shades, Awnings, Slip Covers. Mattresses made over—hair thoroughly picked. Feathers renovated by steam. Chairs re-caned.

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CHRISTMAS STORM BLOCKS TRAFFIC

Highways, Railroads and Trolleys Blocked by a Severe Blizzard.

The heaviest snow storm experienced in this section for a number of years came as a Christmas day surprise and before the gentle flakes had quit descending, snow had fallen to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches on the level and in places drifted so badly that traffic of all kinds was blocked. The storm came as a great surprise as the weather forecasters had predicted a "green Christmas."

About nine o'clock Christmas morning the flurry began and continued without cessation until Sunday morning. During the day on Saturday the flakes fell gently and by evening the ground was covered to the depth of three or four inches. As the daylight disappeared a strong wind set in from the northeast and a regular gale developed which drifted the snow over tops of fences and filled the roadways until all traffic was paralyzed.

When Bristol awoke Sunday morning it was to discover a picturesque scene. Mammoth drifts of snow were everywhere, and a thick white mantle was spread over the earth. The limbs of the trees were bending beneath their fantastic white burdens and shrubbery and bushes in the yards were bowed to earth like pagan worshippers prostrate before their idols.

Many Bristolians who went out of town on Christmas day were unable to get home at night. The trolley cars on all the roads entering the borough were stalled at different points along the lines.

One car on the Torresdale division of the trolley got fast in a snow drift below the cemetery with twenty-eight passengers aboard, and they were compelled to stay in the car all night, until nine o'clock Sunday morning.

On the Morrisville division one car with passengers was stalled between Morrisville and Trenton, another between Bristol and Tullytown. The passengers were good natured and made the best of the unpleasant situation.

Superintendent Murphy, of the Philadelphia, Bristol & Trenton Street Railway, got a big gang of men at work and got the line opened through on Monday night.

Wherever possible the passengers on the trolleys were given every accommodation by the company and meals were provided from near-by houses.

The trains on the Pennsylvania railroad were hit as hard by the storm as were the trolleys. There were no trains running at all on this division on Sunday. A train with the Chauncey Olcott theatrical company aboard was stalled near Croydon where the engine broke down. The stars and chorus of the company obtained food from a farm house close by.

Six poles of the Bell Telephone Company were blown down, crossing the electric light and trolley wires. They were repaired by Lineman Clarence Winters and his crew and were in working order again on Tuesday.

By Wednesday all traffic was resumed and regular schedules observed on trolley and steam roads.

Death from Fractured Skull.

While skating on Christmas, Wilmer K. Girton, the well-known undertaker and contractor, of Langhorne, fell on the ice and fractured his skull. He died from his injuries on Wednesday afternoon. The deceased is survived by a widow and several children. He is a relative of William A. Girton, of Bristol.

Harry Vandegrift Assaulted.

On Christmas eve, as he was returning home near midnight, Harry Vandegrift, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Vandegrift, of Mulberry street, was assaulted by some unknown ruffian and was robbed. While walking along Wood street, near the Friends' Meeting House, Vandegrift declares he was struck a violent blow with a club or black-jack on the side of his head, the instrument, whatever it was, cutting his ear nearly off. He fell to the ground in an unconscious condition but finally made his way home, a few blocks away. The sum of $22 was taken from his pockets.

Celebrate 52d Wedding Anniversary.

With a fine Christmas dinner tendered to a host of relatives and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kirby Vanartsdalen, of Bath street, Bristol, celebrated their fifty-second wedding anniversary on Saturday. The venerable couple are blessed with three children and five grandchildren and these and their relatives and friends made a company of jolly feasters. Among the many present were: Mr. and Mrs. Vanartsdalen, the host and hostess; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vanartsdalen, Jesse Vanartsdalen, Miss Annie Vanartsdalen, of Newtown; Mrs. George Hibbs, J. H. Vanzant and Harry Hartman, of Bristol.

LOCAL NEWS.

The local grocerymen are planning a banquet.

Misses Martha and Harriet Leech leave today to visit friends in Maryland.

The Allemania Verein will give a dance at the club house tomorrow evening.

Mrs. William LeCompte will entertain at euchre on Thursday afternoon, January 6.

Mrs. Charles D'Olier, of Newport, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Frank Lehman.

Alva Johnson has signed a contract with the American Tobacco Company and will go on the road as a salesman for that concern.

Mrs. Robert Clark fell in the yard at her home, corner of Washington and Wood streets, on Wednesday of last week and sustained severe bruises.

John Angus, the Mill street ice cream manufacturer and confectioner, has decided to be his own ice-man and is building a store house which he will fill for summer use.

Workmen of the Bell Telephone Company cut the cable of the old Standard Telephone Company between Burlington and Bristol on Tuesday. The cable was used by W. E. Doron as a private line between the two towns.

The opening dance to be given by Enterprise Fire Company, No. 5, will take place at the new fire house on Wood street, between Lafayette street and Jefferson avenue, on Friday evening, January 14th, instead of January 7th, as announced last week.

Misses Vera Vansant and Elizabeth Chambers are home from the West Chester State Normal School for the Christmas holidays. Miss Sara Burns, a student at Cornell, and Miss Eleanor Martin, of the Westtown Friends School, are also here for the holidays.

On Saturday evening of next week, January 8th, a New England supper will be given in the Baptist Church, commencing at 5.30 o'clock. The menu will consist of hot fresh ham, hot baked beans, cold boiled ham, potato salad, rolls, coffee, cranberries, apple sauce and cake. Tickets, 25 cents.

Miss Ellen Gallagher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Gallagher, of Pine street, and William B. Hibbs were married on Tuesday at high noon in St. Marks Church, Bristol, by the Rev. Father Joseph Murphy. The bridesmaid was Miss Mary O'Donnell and the best man was John J. Gallagher, Jr., a brother of the bride. A number of out-of-town guests were present, being taken to the church in a large open sleigh. A luncheon was afterwards served at the residence of the bride's parents. The bridal couple left about three o'clock for Carbon county and points in the coal regions. They will reside upon their return with Mr. and Mrs. Gallagher.

SHOT TO DEATH BY THE ROADSIDE

Driver of a Brewery Wagon Murdered in a Lonely Woods near Roelofs.

A murder was committed near Roelofs, in Lower Makefield township, on Thursday, of last week, shortly after 12 o'clock noon, when the driver of a beer wagon for the Capital City Brewing Company, of Trenton, N. J., was brutally shot to death by a man who laid in wait for him. The victim's name is Santo Barcaloque, but better known in Trenton and Yardley as "Sunday Barcalow," and the supposed murderer, who has not been apprehended, is James Russo. Both are Italians. Barcaloque is twenty-six years old and his slayer is about the same age. Russo robbed his victim after slaying him, getting away with about $70 of Barcaloque's own money, with which he had intended to celebrate Christmas, and about $30 of the brewing company's money.

THE SECOND ATTACK.

It is stated that about six weeks ago Russo had attempted to hold up Barcaloque and rob him and since that time the driver of the beer wagon had taken a man with him on his trips into Bucks county. On Thursday, however, he could find no one to go along with him, and he started out on his trip accompanied only by his dog. A number of desperate foreign characters infest that neighborhood and the condition there is said to amount almost to a reign of terror. Barcaloque was indiscrete enough to display a large roll of bills before starting out on his trip Thursday and it is supposed that Russo learned that he had money.

SHOT DOWN IN COLD BLOOD.

On his way to deliver beer to an Italian colony boarding at the premises of Albert R. Wood, Barcaloque turned his team into a lane leading to Wood's place shortly after noon. That was the last seen of him until about two o'clock, when one of Wood's boarders saw Barcaloque lying in the woods near the laneside, his horses having wandered some distance away, where they had stopped, with the dog on guard beside the team. It was then thought that Barcaloque was only drunk and had fallen out of the wagon, but as he still lay there a couple of hours later the Italians at Wood's started to investigate.

When they reached Barcaloque's side they found him dead, with the lower part of his face shot away. The body was removed to Langhorne and the authorities were notified late Thursday night, Deputy Coroner Rue, of Bristol, making a preliminary investigation.

VICTIM TRIED TO ESCAPE.

It is supposed that the first shot was fired at Barcaloque from behind a tree. The charge bored a small hole through the wagon curtain and carried Barcaloque's chin away. It is thought that the victim then leaped from the wagon to escape, and, as he did so, received another charge, which entered his back. Both of these shots were apparently fired at close range. Still attempting to get away he started for the woods when a third shot entered the victim's body below the heart and killed him. The body was then likely dragged a short distance into the woods and robbed. The murderer's weapon was probably a repeating, one-barreled shotgun.

THE MURDERER ESCAPES.

There is but little doubt that Russo was the murderer. Some time before the murder, Mrs. John VanHart saw a man hurrying in the direction of the woods, with a shotgun over his shoulder. After the murder one of Wood's boarders saw a man answering Russo's description running away from the woods.

The authorities have made diligent search for Russo, but as yet have failed to locate him. The great snow blizzard seriously interfered with the running out of clues and has aided the murderer in keeping under cover.

INQUEST TODAY.

Coroner Howard P. White, of Doylestown, went to the scene of the murder on Saturday, then to Trenton, returning later to Langhorne, where he empaneled the following jury, all of Langhorne: J. C. Kirk, Albert Tomlinson, Frank Ridge, Gilbert R. Wells, Albert Darrah and Frank Blano. After the jury viewed the body, it was given into the hands of an undertaker for burial and Coroner White fixed today as the date for the inquest.

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Langhorne Board of Trade on December 25th, 1909, a reward of one hundred dollars was offered for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the murderer or murderers.

Applicants for Census Examinations.

A. Brock Shoemaker, of Tullytown, who is Supervisor of Census for the Third district of Pennsylvania comprising Bucks and Montgomery counties, states that the government is exceedingly anxious that the work of the thirteenth census be performed with the greatest care and precision that the result will be what is desired when completed. All applications for enumerator should be received at Mr. Shoemaker's office by January 20, 1910. Soon after February 1st, next, the applicants will pass an examination in line of the work to be performed, and each applicant will receive due notice of such examination. Mr. Shoemaker is very desirous of receiving many applications, so that the very best and ablest person in their respective district can be chosen enumerator.

Any person of good judgment, who has received an ordinary common-school education, can readily pass the test to be given applicants for positions as census enumerators, according to an announcement from the Census Bureau today. It was said at the bureau that the test will be a reasonable and practical one, similar to that applied to applicants at the Twelfth Census. It will consist of filling out a sample schedule of population from a description in narrative form of typical families, and in the case of enumerators whose work will be in the rural districts, they will be called upon to fill out an additional sample schedule of agriculture from information furnished by the Census Bureau.

All applicants, whether women or men, must be citizens of the United States, residents of the supervisor's district for which they wish to be appointed, and must be not less than 18 nor more than 70 years of age. There will be at least 68,000 enumerators' places to be filled by the middle of March in preparation for the enumeration beginning April 15.

Application forms can be had by writing to the supervisor of census for the supervisor's district in which the applicant lives.

A Prosperous Sewing School.

The members of the Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church of Bristol have a very successful and prosperous sewing school. They meet every Saturday afternoon in the old church building. They are taught plain sewing, etc. They presented the Presbyterian Orphanage with a number of dolls, all dressed in clothing made by the Juniors. They also gave the hospital at Frankford books composed of fancy pictures, poetry, etc., made in linen and put together in such a way it made quite interesting books.

After Christmas we hope to have more time and material to use in this most important work. The children seem to enjoy it and you would be surprised how neatly some of them can sew. The school would be very glad for donations of material for towels and aprons, muslin, or anything of the kind. S.

Cornwells Festival Postponed.

Owing to the impassible condition of the roads the Christmas entertainment at the Cornwells Methodist Church has been postponed until next Wednesday evening, January 5.

MAY DIE FROM FALL DOWN STAIRS

Joseph Durkin's Skull Fractured by Accident on Christmas Eve.

Joseph Durkin, a wool-buyer for William H. Grundy & Company, is hovering between life and death at the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, with a fractured skull, caused by a fall down the cellar stairs on Christmas eve at his home, corner of Washington and Cedar streets.

Near midnight on Friday, Mr. Durkin went to the cellar to fix the heater for the night. Mrs. Durkin accompanied him and filled two buckets of coal to bring up stairs. Preceded by Mrs. Durkin, Mr. Durkin started up the steps with a coal bucket in each hand. When he ascended five or six steps Mrs. Durkin was horrified to hear a crash and looking back saw her husband prostrate on the cement floor. Assistance was quickly summoned and a physician called. Blood gushed from the man's ears and he remained in an unconscious condition. Monday he was taken to the Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, where an examination proved that the skull was fractured from a point above the ear to the middle of the back of the head at the base of the brain. An operation was immediately decided upon and it was performed by Dr. G. A. Van Lennep, removing the pressure from the brain of fractured pieces of bones. The operation was witnessed by Drs. Abbott and LeCompte, of Bristol. But little encouragement is given for the recovery of the patient.

Mr. Durkin has been with the Grundy firm for about twenty-eight years and is an expert wool buyer, and in the course of his business has travelled extensively in many parts of the world, making many trips to Europe, Australia, New Zealand and other countries.

NEWS OF THE CHURCHES

BAPTIST.

On Sunday Rev. Johnston will begin the fifth year of his pastorate of the Baptist Church and in the morning at 10.30 will preach an anniversary sermon, followed by the Lord's Supper.

Sunday school at 2 p. m.

Men's meeting at 3.30; Judge George B. Orlady will speak. The music will consist of solos by William A. Tucker, of Bristol, and choruses by the Baptist choir under the leadership of Mr Bunting.

Union Temperance Rally at the Methodist Church at 7.45 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Sunday service, 10.30 a. m.; Christmas music will be repeated.

Sunday school at 2.30 p. m.

No evening service, but Union Temperance meeting in M. E. Church at 7.45 p. m.

Tuesday evening, T. N. C. at 8 p. m.

Wednesday, Junior Endeavor 4 p. m., and prayer meeting at 7.45 p. m.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society will meet at the Manse on Thursday, January 6th, at 3.30 p. m. This, the first meeting in 1910, is to be a praise service and every member is asked to be present, and to bring a thank offering and to repeat a verse of scripture on the topic.

Instead of the regular meeting of the "Ladies Union" on next Tuesday evening, there will be a social on that evening to the members of the society at the home of Mrs. Burnet Landreth, to which all the members of the society are invited.

METHODIST.

Rev. S. W. Gehrett, pastor.

10.30 a. m., Communion.
2.00 p. m., Sunday school.
6.45 p. m., Epworth League.
7.45 p. m., Union Temperance Rally of the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches in the Methodist Church. The Rev. H. W. Tope, D. D., of Philadelphia, will be the speaker.

At the morning service the Christmas music will be repeated and in the evening the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist choirs combined will render the music.

Class meetings, Sunday, 9.30 a. m.; Tuesday, 8 p. m.

Brotherhood meeting, Monday, 8 p. m.

Junior Epworth League, Wednesday, 4 p. m.; prayer meeting 8 p. m.

Watch night services this evening, Friday, 10 o'clock.

Missionary collection in the Sunday school, Sunday next.

CORNWELLS METHODIST.

Sunday, 10.15 a. m., prayer service.
10.45 a. m., preaching by the pastor.
2.30 p. m., Sunday school.
7.15 p. m., Epworth League.
8.00 p. m., song service; Christmas carols and solos.

The Christmas entertainment has been postponed. Our programme is so elaborate we wanted all to enjoy it, hence the entertainment is to be held on Wednesday, January 5th.

EDDINGTON PRESBYTERIAN.

Sunday school with classes for all ages and grades at 9.30 a. m.

Preaching service at 10.45 a. m., with a sermon by the pastor, Rev. T. Clayton Welles

Evening service has for its subject, "A Year with God." The pastor will be the leader.

Wednesday evening, preparatory services at the chapel and meeting of the session.

Thursday evening, rehearsal for Christmas festival.

Friday evening, January 7, the postponed Christmas festival in the church.

Sunday, January 9th, communion services and reception of members.

Annual Masonic Election.

The annual meeting of Bristol Lodge, No. 25, F. and A. M., was held on last Saturday evening, Christmas night. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather conditions there was a large attendance. Many of the out-of-town members were, however, unable to return to their homes as the snow storm continued until all travel by train and trolley was suspended. Some of the members remained with friends and at the hotels in the town. Others attempted to reach their homes by trolley and became stalled and were compelled to remain on the cars all night.

The following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing masonic year:

Worshipful Master, A. Russell Burton, of Tullytown.

Senior Warden, George W. Rapp, of Tullytown.

Junior Warden, Roy Tracy, of Bristol.

William H. Watson, of Bristol, secretary.

Harvey S. Rue, of Bristol, treasurer.

Lemuel Vandegrift, of Eddington, representative to grand lodge.

Trustees, Dr. E. J. Groom, B. C. Foster, Benjamin W. Boutcher, Walter F. Leedom, Dr. H. Pursell.

The annual banquet was postponed until March, when the lodge will celebrate its 130th anniversary.

In certain parts of Germany it is regarded as a death warning to hear a cricket's cry.

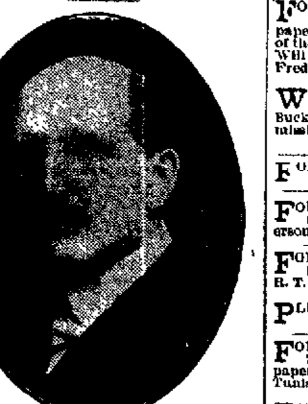
TURKEYS
FOR NEW YEARS.

I have lots of them, at cheaper prices than prevailed at Christmas time.

CHAS. CANNON,
Bath street.

DR. TOPE TO SPEAK AT UNION MEETING

Famous Anti-Saloon Orator to be at Bristol Methodist Church on Sunday Evening.



DR. HOMER W. TOPE.

At a union meeting of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist churches of Bristol, Dr. Homer W. Tope, district superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, will deliver an address relative to the coming local option fight for the election of members to the State Legislature. It will be practically a mass meeting and every one is most cordially invited to be present, whether Protestant or Catholic or non-church goer.

Dr. Tope is recognized as one of the strongest speakers and lecturers in the country. The Chicago Record, said of Dr. Tope when he was a resident of that city: "He is one of the most eloquent clergymen in the city." The Chicago Sun says: "Dr. Tope is an orator of recognized power and eloquence, besides being a professed historical student."

The Springfield Republican says his "address was scholarly and eloquent." The Philadelphia North American declares "Dr. Tope has done work for the League in Ohio, New York and Massachusetts with great success. He is almost a Philadelphian, for part of his education was obtained here. He is a convincing talker, mingles ethics, practical politics and religion in taking style when speaking on his favorite theme."

The Methodist Church auditorium is admirably suited to accommodate a large audience and it will, undoubtedly, be taxed to capacity on next Sunday evening.

Thanks from Neighborhood Guild.

The following letter to the friends in Bristol of the Neighborhood Guild, Philadelphia, conveys the appreciation of that organization for the donations received:

Dear Friends in Bristol: Thank you all a thousand times for all the nice things which you sent. Have just unpacked them and put them out for the dinners and it has helped so much. It is so very good of you to remember us year after year and I certainly do appreciate it to the utmost. Our friends have been very kind again this year and we shall be able to give at least 250 people a good dinner. Have given out nearly a thousand new garments, a good many tons of coal, orders for groceries, twenty-five pairs of new shoes and other things too numerous to mention. It is, indeed a blessed time. Is not this Christmas spirit a wonderful thing, keeping its freshness and strength through all these centuries with undiminished enthusiasm and showering blessings upon all, blessing both giver and recipient alike. Wishing you all a very happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year, I am, with heartfelt thanks,

Very sincerely yours,
EMILY WILBUR,
151 Fairmount avenue.
Philadelphia, 12-22-09.

Bristol Bowlers Won.

In a Trenton League match, Bristol defeated the Thomann team on Tuesday evening on the Riverside alleys. The bowling of the Bristol five was very consistent, only twenty-one points separating the highest and lowest in the total scores.

BRISTOL.

	1	2	3	T
F. Allen	144	158	180	482
H. Wright	136	181	165	482
Kelly	121	164	188	473
J. W. Wright	166	160	168	494
M. Allen	154	161	167	482
Totals	721	824	868	2413

THOMANN.

Gutman	131	104	137	366
Murphy	118	145	153	416
McBride	143	146	142	431
Gaiser	118	171	182	471
Total	676	737	785	2198

Cornwells Wins Again.

Cornwells defeated the Tacony basket ball team in one of the most exciting games of the season on last Thursday evening by the score of 25 to 16. At the end of the first half the Tacony team was leading by the score of 12 to 6. In the second half Cornwells started in a whirlwind fashion and soon overtook Tacony and slowly forged to the front.

The playing of Sheppard for the home team and Fagen for the visitors were the features. Line-up:

Cornwells	Positions	Tacony
Dugan	forward	Kenettle
Jenks	forward	Bentcliff
Sheppard	centre	Fagen
Banes	guard	Wright
Knight	guard	Dineen

Field goals—Sheppard, 8; Dugan, 2; Jenks, 1; Banes, 1; Fagen, 6; Bentcliff, 1; Kenettle, 1. Foul goal—Sheppard, 1. Fouls—Tacony, 1; Cornwells, 5. Referee, Dingee.

The Cornwells second team easily defeated the Parkside Juniors by the score of 51 to 10.

What is to be Done About It?

N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Whether or not express charges are generally just and reasonable may be judged by the action of the directors of the Wells Fargo company in declaring a special dividend of 300 per cent and expanding the stock from $8,000,000 to $24,000,000 subject to approval of a stockholders' meeting a month from now, after having distributed a regular annual divident of 10 per cent for several years and carrying the market price of the stock up from about 120 to over 500 since 1899. The present shareholders will have the right to take the new stock at par in the proportion of two new shares to one of the old, and two-thirds of the extra dividend will enable them to pay for it, leaving them the other third in cash and impairing only to that extent the accumulated surplus. This thinning out of the stock by covering $16,000,000 of surplus into that form, while distributing $8,000,000, or 100 per cent, in cash, will enable the company to keep up its 10 per cent dividend on three times as many shares of stock as before.

This cannot be called stock-watering, as the new shares represent actual surplus, but this has been created out of earnings in a few years, and it furnishes pretty good evidence that the charges have been high for a common carrier. The other companies have not been doing quite as well, but they have distributed extra dividends and expanded stock by converting accumulated surplus earnings into shares. Does this indicate just and reasonable charges for the service rendered in carrying property by express? If not, what is to be done about it?

Does This Mean You?

Indigestion, sour stomach, constipation—then headache, backache and a general miserable feeling. Do you know that the pleasant herb tea, Lane's Family Medicine, will remove all these troubles almost immediately? If you do not know it, get a package today at any druggist's or dealer's (25c) and you will be glad we told you.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Advertisements under this head will be inserted for half-a-cent a word. No advertisement taken for less than 10 cents.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Call or write, 817 Radcliffe St.

LOST—Baby's knitted silk veil on Thursday evening. Finder please return to Gazette office.

FOR SALE OR RENT—No. 604 Bath street. Bath, toilet and heater. Painted and papered new throughout, and situated in one of the best localities in the borough of Bristol. Will rent by the year to desirable tenant. Fred I. Kraft, 125 Radcliffe street. 12-31-tf

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell lubricating oils, greases and paints in Bucks and adjacent counties. Salary or commission. Stetson Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 12-31-2t

FOR SALE—Two good sleighs and two heating stoves; bargains. 212 Mill St.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms on the second floor for housekeeping. 215 Jefferson avenue.

FOR SALE—Double heating stove, with floor drum. Cheap. In good condition. R. T. Myers, 687 Bath street. 12-17-3t

PLEASANT rooms and good board at 212 Walnut street. 12-3-tf

FOR RENT—Two six-room houses, 232 and 234 Otter street. Newly painted and papered. Apply 230 Otter street or H. P. Tunison, Morrisville, Pa. 11-12-tf

FOR RENT—Old homestead apartments at Edgely, for three families. Two six-room and one five-room suites. Apply to F. I. Kraft, 125 Radcliffe street. 7-16-tf

INSURE in the North America! Been in business 100 years. Meet your losses promptly. When you buy you want the best. What do you know about the company you are now in? Costs no more in a live company, whose responsibility is beyond question. William E. Laing, 829 Radcliffe street, Bristol. 2-19-tf

FRANK PETTIT 805, 807, 809 Master street, Phila., Pa., Manufacturer of Ornamental Iron, Iron fencing, Cemetery Enclosures, Chairs, Settees, Fire Escapes, etc. Bell Phone Kensington 4397 D. 4-19-1yr.

Estate Notice.

Estate of EDGAR L. TITUS, late of Bristol Township, Bucks Co., Pa., Dec'd.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to CARRIE V. TITUS,
12-31-6t Executrix.

Farmers National Bank of Bucks Co.

Bristol, Pa., Dec. 11, 1909.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this bank for the election of Directors and other business will be held at the Banking House on Tuesday, January 11, 1910, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon.
CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

FOR SALE.

Five very desirable 3-story brick dwelling houses, with all modern conveniences, situate Nos. 204, 206, 208, 210 and 212 Cedar street.
Apply to
GILKESON & JAMES,
12-21-tf Attorneys.

SPECIAL FOR THIS WEEK.

A WOMAN'S JULIET

in Black Vici Kid, plain toe, and soft, comfortable sole, at

$1.10.

Regular value, $1.50.

Brown's
Shoe Store
129 Radcliffe Street
Bristol, Pa.

$100.00 REWARD

will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the parties who cut the cables and wires of the Independent Telephone Company, of Burlington, N. J.

R. M. SMYTHE, Pres.,
452 Produce Exchange,
New York City.

Public Sale of Stock, Crops, Implements, Etc.,

At the residence of A. K. Joyce, on the macadam road leading from Emilie to Bristol, about 1 mile from Emilie, on

Wednesday, January 12th, 1910,

at 12.30 p. m., the following described goods:

STOCK—Four good work horses, extra good mule, 6 cows, most of them milking now; two-year-old heifer, 2 one-year-old do., calf, 7 months old.

CROPS—800 bus. corn on the ear, extra nice; 25 tons mixed hay, 2 tons rye straw.

IMPLEMENTS—Cornsheller, 10-foot hay rake, 2 Osborne mowers, Osborne hay tedder, McCormick reaper and binder, wheel harrow, Success potato digger, spring-tooth harrow, diamond-tooth cultivator, weeder, plank roller, Buckeye corn plow, Iron Age do., Diamond do., Empire grain drill, 2 Syracuse plows, No. 2?8; potato sorter, cultivators, spike-tooth harrow, three-row corn marker, two-horse power and thresher, single thresher, corn butt knocker, potato cutter, grass seed drill, fertilizer do., grindstone, hay knives, ice drag, 2 harpoons. This is an extra good lot of machinery.

WAGONS AND HARNESS—Hook-seat hay rack, farm wagon, two-horse market wagon, carry 72 bus.; no-top buggy, 2 dump wagons, in good order, will hold 1 1-2 yards; farm cart, farm sled, 2 sets heavy double harness, 2 sets single harness, 8 horse collars, 2 sets flynets, 2 sets Bell's blankets, breast and trace chains.

MISCELLANEOUS—Push cart, farm bell, 3 sets double trees, lot single trees, 5 hay ropes, 8 pulleys, lot bags, 2 sets breast pads, bedsteads, bureaus, dresser cupboard, 3 corner cupboards, lot chairs, 2 churns, one-cow churn milk pans, milk buckets and other dairy fixtures, forks, shovels, hoes, in fact everything about a well-stocked farm.

Six months' credit on $25 and upwards.

J. C. EVERITT, Agent
for A. K. Joyce and others.

E. B. Minster, Auctioneer.
Wm. M. Stackhouse, } Clerks.
J. C. Tomlinson, }

CREME IDEAL

is the product of our own laboratory, is made from absolutely pure and harmless ingredients, containing no grease or oily matter, and is a most delightful and efficient toilet cream, leaving the skin soft and velvety.

Creme Ideal

can be used for years without injury to the most delicate skin. It is superior to Cold Cream and retards the growth of hair. It is unequalled for roughness and redness of the skin, sun burn, chapped hands, pimples, freckles, etc.

Apply a small quantity immediately after washing and rub briskly until absorbed.

E. C. ERTHAL
Nos. 123-127 Mill Street,
BRISTOL, PA.

Special.

LADIES' WHITE SHIRTWAISTS

All Sizes; $1.00 and $1.25 values,
REDUCED TO
69c.

R. R. Pearson, 310 Mill Street

TWENTY PER CENT OFF
on all Holiday Goods.

NEW YEAR OR RETURN GIFTS. Here is your chance to get bargains if you still have gifts to buy. The overlooked friend or the unexpected gift may require some attention at this time.

WE WANT ALL GOODS NEW

for next year's trade. We never sell old goods at the price of new therefore propose to make this sacrifice now. They won't last long at these prices. Better come at once.

CONFECTIONERY.

Fresh goods every few days. You can always get good confectionery at Fabian's Pharmacy.

A. Fabian, Pharmacist,
Radcliffe and Mulberry streets, Bristol, Pa.
Price and Quality Right. Phone 78-D.

CIGARS

in all the popular brands and shapes and at reasonable prices. Also a full line of pipes, tobaccos, cigarettes, etc., constantly on hand.

SPORTING GOODS

consisting of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Air Guns, Ammunition, Coats, Vests, Caps, etc.

C. C. STRUMFELS
311 MILL STREET, BRISTOL, PA.

KEEPING IN TOUCH WITH HOME

IT IS wonderful how much satisfaction can be obtained from a talk over the Bell Telephone.

A letter carries words, but the Bell Service has been brought up to such a point of perfection that the modulations of the voice are clearly heard.

The cheery tones show that the talker is well and in good spirits. The call may come from a suburban village or a distant city, but within the limits of the carrying power of the voice the Bell Service carries the tone as well. You get a personal interview with a friend hundreds of miles away.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO.,
of Pennsylvania.
W. C. HARTRANFT, District Manager,
No. 25 North Main St., Doylestown, Pa.
Every Bell Telephone is the Centre of the System.

Try a Gazette Ad

We have all sizes of
Trusses
from several manufacturers. Anyone can be promptly and accurately fitted at very much lower than city prices.
Hard Rubber, Single, $3.
Double, $5.
DR. PURSELL'S DRUG STORE
S. W. Cor. Mill & Cedar Sts.
Bristol, Pa.

The Only Way
—to be sure of getting the very latest correct custom style in your footwear at a reasonable price, is to come to us for a pair of
REGAL SHOES
They have every style-feature to be found in the most expensive New York custom-built shoes—and in Regal quarter-sizes we can give you a made-to-measure fit.
$3.50
$4.00
$5.00

W. K. HIGHLAND
303 Mill street

H. H. H.
Dyspepsia Remedy.
A certain, safe and pleasant remedy for the cure of
All Forms of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Billiousness, Colic, Etc.
H. H. HEADLEY
PHARMACIST
Cor. of Wood and Washington Streets
Bristol, Pa. 4-10-tf

Farmers
National
Bank
OF BUCKS COUNTY,
BRISTOL, PA.
The Oldest Bank in Bucks County,
ESTABLISHED, A. D. 1814.

Capital, (as originally)	$ 92,220
Surplus and Undivided Profits, (earned)	230,000

December 29th, 1908.

Has a well equipped and constantly increasing

Savings Department.

Boxes to rent at from $2.00 up in

Fire & Burglar Proof
Safe Deposit Vaults

AFFORDING ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

This bank gives no customer an undue advantage over any other.

The smallest account receives the same care and attention as the largest, and is warmly welcomed.

It corresponds with an extensive network of other banks and large business houses, thereby gaining many advantages for its depositors.

It has served four generations of Bucks county people faithfully and well.

In time of trouble a balance in a strong bank is like an anchor to windward in a storm.

FARMING
IMPLEMENTS
Now Sold in Bristol.

We handle the "Champion" line of Binders, Mowers, Hay Tedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, etc.

The "Champion" line is a pioneer line thoroughly up to date in improvements.

Repair parts promptly furnished. Binder Twine, Machine Oil and all necessary supplies kept on hand.

We have a Machine Shop well equipped for repairs. Brazing iron castings is our specialty.

We have Gasoline Engines and sample machines set up for inspection.

S. B. ARDREY & SONS,
Bristol, Pa. 7-27-t

Estate Notice.

Estate of MARTHA P. SWAIN, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa., Dec'd.

LETTERS testamentary having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having legal claims will present them without delay, in proper form for settlement to LAURA S. LIST,
Executrix,
11-12-6t 2130 Green street, Philadelphia.

MILLINERY.

All the latest shapes in Velvet, Silk and Felt Hats. Novelties in Wings, Feathers and Aigrettes. All the new shades of Velvets, Silks and Ribbons. Fancy Pins and Buckles at popular prices.

SARA K. COOKE,
10-1-tf 214 Radcliffe street, Bristol

NewspaperARCHIVE®
NewspaperARCHIVE®

The Battle

By
CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Novelized by the Author From His Great Play of the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

CHAPTER XI.
THE WOMAN WHO TEMPTED HIM.

JENNY, who had been hidden in her little room during this long interview, waiting, watchful for an opportunity to see Philip alone, now entered the larger apartment swiftly and darted to the window.

Where were they going? She looked out of the window. Would Joe carry out his promise? She had paid him for his service.

She saw a boy run out of a doorway, speak to Philip and give him a note.

She was all prepared for him. She had taken off her dress and put on a soft wrapper of yellow and black, with her daintiest, flimsiest things underneath and just a touch of perfume. She had let down her thick hair and left it hanging over her shoulders. Then she had opened a bottle of gold dust fluid and carefully applied little dabs of it to her arms and shoulders, where it remained in shining blotches.

Poor Jenny! She built such high hopes upon this primitive ruse of hers, this trap of her physical attractions laid for the man whom she worshiped and would have served so loyally and with a devotion that asked so little in return. This was what life had taught her. The dregs through which she had waded clung to her. She believed that through them she could attain her high purpose, for her love for Philip was high and true, compact of the noblest aspirations, the best of all of her.

She would not stoop to the base use of her knowledge of Margaret's relationship. Mr. Jackson had saved her from that baseness, but all was fair in love, and she was beautiful. That weapon, given her, she would employ.

Presently the door opened. "Who's there?" she called.

"It's I," replied Philip. "Hello! Are you here?"

"Yes," confusedly. "I—er—I was fixing up the room. I did not expect you."

The girl came forward, walking rather unsteadily. "I don't feel well," she said. "It is a sort of dizziness." She put her hand to her eyes.

"You're weak and faint," exclaimed Philip. "You must sit down."

Jenny sat down obediently.

"Has Joe Caffrey been here?" asked Philip.

"No."

"He wants to see me."

Jenny sighed faintly.

"Want a blanket around you?"

"No; I'm too hot already. Maybe I have fever." She held out her hand.

"Your hand is warm," said Philip, "but it seems all right to me."

He drew up a chair and sat down at her side.

"I'm so unhappy, Phil," murmured Jenny. "What can I do? Tell me, Phil. You're the only one I can turn to, and—oh, it's awfully hard!"

"I know, Jenny, but"—

"I've tried to do right; haven't I? I've taken any old kind of work, and, God knows, $5 a week isn't much for a girl who's lived as I have. Why, $5 a day wouldn't pay for the flowers I used to get! Haven't I come down and lived and worked in this rotten place and never kicked?"

"Indeed you have, Jenny. You've been fine," said Philip earnestly.

"Sometimes I ask myself what's the use of being decent. Who cares?"

"We all care."

Jenny smiled wistfully. "Do you care, Phil? I did it all for you."

"You did it because it was right, Jenny," he said gravely, but he felt vaguely uncomfortable under her pleading eyes.

"Phil," she went on, "you don't know how hard my work is. This gold dust stuff seems to eat right into me, and I can't get it off. See here," and she showed him the marks.

He gazed at the gilt marks on her neck and spoke sympathetically to her.

Jenny interrupted him.

"Phil, do you ever think of the old days, before I was married? You said I was pretty."

"You were pretty," he answered unsteadily, "and—and you are pretty."

How his pulses throbbed!

"Yes?" she brightened. "And, Phil, you kissed me once. I remember what you said."

"What did I say?" he faltered.

"You said my lips were the sweetest things you ever tasted."

He rose in agitation.

"I must go, Jenny," he said. "I—I can't wait."

"Not yet, Phil," she begged, and swiftly changing the ground of her attack, she spoke of her life with such humble sadness that Philip, touched and reassured, sat down again. It seemed, she said, as if an evil star hung over her. Why should George have been killed? If he had been spared her everything would have been different. And if they hadn't taken away her little baby and let it die then still she would have had something to live for. Her voice broke as she spoke of her baby. And if that selfish woman hadn't left her husband alone then, perhaps even then, she would have kept straight. But things had been too hard for her. She hadn't had a fair chance, and—

She turned to Philip with her whole soul in her eyes. "Tell me, Phil, do you think me a wicked girl?"

"No, Jenny, I—I don't."

"Oh, thank you!" she cried.

"Sit closer to me—here. People get lonely, don't they, Phil?"

Her eyes were burning on him.

"Yes."

"And want to be loved, don't they?"

"I—I suppose so."

"And—sometimes petted?"

He could not speak; he could only look at her, at her swimming eyes and her red, half parted lips. She trembled with the love that scars and sears, but will have its way. For a moment she met his eyes and then with swift passion caught him in her arms.

"I love you!" she cried passionately. "Oh, how I love you!"

She kissed him full on the lips again and again, and he returned her kisses.

Then at this moment of peril—then suddenly some power in him cleared his brain, and in a flash of sober vision he saw Margaret, his Margaret, looking at him with grave reproof. With sudden revulsion he broke away from her, crying:

"What a dog I am!"

Jenny, disillusioned, humiliated, rose quickly and stood looking at him. A bottle on the table caught his attention. It was the little flask of liquid gold. The truth suddenly flashed upon him. She had been playing a part; she had tricked him here to—to destroy him.

"You little devil!" he cried.

"Phil!" she cried in fear.

"Let me see those stains," he ordered, and he tore her wrapper open, exposing her neck. He rubbed his fingers over the stains.

"Ah, I thought so! You said it wouldn't come off. It comes off quite easily. You were lying to me."

"No," she said weakly.

He opened the bottle.

"I say you were lying. It's the same stuff. You brought it here; you put it on your shoulders; you—you"—

"I didn't mean any harm."

"No harm!" he shouted. "Heavens! What do you call harm? Because you hate the girl I love you get me here by tricks and lies. Joe Caffery never sent that note!"

"He wrote it, Phil."

"You made him write it. If he wanted to see me he'd be here. You wanted to get me here—alone."

He paused.

"Do you—do you own up?"

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Phil, I—I did it because"—

"You're bad all through."

Jenny shrank in despair.

"I am bad all through?" she said quietly. "All right. I got you here by a trick. That's true. And I hate the girl you love? You bet I do!"

"But what are you?" she flamed. "You are a loyal lover; you are a preacher of reform, Philip Ames, but you held me in your arms, and you kissed my mouth!"

She paused, then added:

"And you liked it! You liked it!"

She showed the scorn of the woman for the man who is weak and places the blame on her.

Philip sank into a chair, crushed, burying his face in his hands. How could he ever face Margaret again?

Jenny forgot herself, her defeat, in the desire to console the beloved one. It was a sister's feeling, pure, compassionate, unselfish.

She knelt beside him and compassionately whispered his name.

He rose with hatred in his voice:

"Don't speak to me."

The tone drove her to a desperate determination.

"Do you mean that?" she asked.

"Yes, I mean it."

Philip's voice was that of the man who echoes the weak plea of the first man. The woman tempted me.

"Then it's all off," Jenny said briskly. Her mind was made up.

She went to her room and returned with hat and cloak.

"I am going. I won't trouble you any more. Goodby."

Philip did not grasp the horrible meaning of her words.

Jenny still had a lingering hope. But Philip neither moved nor spoke. So she said her final farewell, pleadingly.

"I am sorry, Phil—but I—I loved you, and when a girl as bad as I am loves a man—it is"—

The door closed behind her.

Haggleton found Philip in the room an hour later.

"I have had an unpleasant experience," said the son.

"With Jenny Moran?"

"Yes; it was Jenny. I tried to help her."

Haggleton brushed some face powder off Philip's sleeve. Philip blushed.

"I see," he said, then resolutely, "She's in love with you?"

"Love!" answered Philip with loathing.

"H'm!" mused Haggleton, brushing some more face powder off the lapel

"Don't speak to me"

of Philip's coat. "Next time I would advise you to help some older and homelier female."

Haggleton proceeded to give the young man a little lesson in practical worldly wisdom.

"Nothing has happened, has there?" he asked.

"I took her in my arms. I kissed her."

"It is a little thing."

"Little?" Philip's voice grew bitter. "If I cannot control myself in little things, how can I control myself in big things? I am engaged to a fine, pure girl. I must tell her, and she will despise me."

Haggleton slowly walked up and down with him.

"Why tell her?" he asked. "She has a right to know anything serious, but this isn't serious. You love her don't you?"

"Love her? I worship her! Oh!"

"You don't care for this other woman?" persisted Haggleton.

"No! Indeed not!"

"Then you are easy with your conscience. It would be cowardly to tell her. You would simply transfer the regret from your shoulders to hers. It would cause her needless pain. Repentance is best done in silence when open confession means suffering to others."

"By George, you are right!" exclaimed Philip. "I must not tell her."

He added:

"It's wonderful how you see the best thing to do. I don't know why I speak of it, but I—I feel a sympathy for you, sir. I used to think you were—sort of inhuman, but you've been kind to me, and—you have taught me a lot. Sometimes," Philip went on, puzzling, "I have thought that I have two natures, one from my mother, the other"—his face darkened—"from my father."

"What about your father?"

"My father was not a good man, Mr. Haggleton. He—he pretty well broke my mother's heart."

"How do you know that he was cruel to her?"

"I know how she suffered."

"But she never said what your father did?"

"I never asked. I just grew up with the idea that my life was set apart for a special work. I have a trade for my living, but my real work is to help the poor. But sometimes I feel another thing urging me—a hateful, infernal thing, urging me toward money and—and all that."

Philip's voice was anxious.

"That is why this Jenny affair is so serious. It shows the weakness in me."

Haggleton, seeing his opportunity to strengthen the ultimate position in which the last, the decisive struggle must be fought, grasped it with determination.

"We are all weak, my boy," he said (and how sweet it was to say those two words, "my boy"). "I will show you how weak I am. It isn't entirely to study the problem of poverty that I am down here."

"No?" Philip looked interested.

"Years ago I did something that I—regret—something wrong. And—Gentle knows it."

"Gentle!"

"Yes. I am making amends for that wrong now."

Haggleton stopped, getting ready for his final argument.

"You will not try to find out what it is that I did in the past?"

"I certainly won't. It is not for me to judge another man."

"And if Gentle should try to tell you?"

"I won't let him tell me."

CHAPTER XII.
MARGARET AND HAGGLETON.

MARGARET LAWRENCE meanwhile was going her way, doing good.

Philip's letters were full, moreover, of admiring praise of this mysterious Mr. Jackson, whom she had vaguely seen that one morning in the Moran home. His letters still were filled with protestations of love, but they were promises also of idleness, of riches, things that she, in her youthful enthusiasm, scorned. Yes, Philip was changing, and not for the better.

It was with happy anticipation, therefore, that she left the "case" which she had successfully nourished back to health and returned to Mrs. Binney's boarding house. She would have time now to take her worldly minded lover in hand and to bring him back to the path of loving service to the poor.

On the doorstep of Mrs. Binney's house she met Gentle, who looked very serious.

"Miss Lawrence," he said rapidly, "will you find Philip at once? There has been an accident in the river. Atkinson, one of the divers, is caught in a wreck, and he is needed. You will find him at the Morans', talking bakeshop to Mr. Jackson, I suppose."

Margaret ran all the way on her mission.

She found Philip in the Morans' rooms in consultation with Mr. Jackson. The elder man considerately turned, giving them an opportunity for a loverlike greeting.

"Philip," she said hastily, "Atkinson has been caught in a wreck. Mr. Gentle sends me to tell you to come at once."

Philip was alert at once. He started for the door.

"Phil," shouted Margaret, running after him, "you are not going into danger?"

"Danger? I am going to get Atkinson out of that wreck."

Haggleton and Margaret looked at each other curiously. They had not met yet and had seen each other only once—on the day of the millionaire's arrival at the tenement, when the two child boarders had been taken to the hospital. Haggleton looked at Margaret and approved of her appearance. She looked like a gentlewoman, every inch of her. But what attitude would she take when she came to learn his true name, still more his relationship to Philip?

He stepped forward.

"My name is Jackson, Miss Lawrence. I am Mr. Ames' partner."

Margaret looked at him intently. Then she backed away from him.

"Jackson!" she exclaimed bitterly. "No, your name is Haggleton. You are John J. Haggleton! I know you for what you are!"

Haggleton searched in his memory. A light began to dawn upon his features, which changed from doubt to certainty, to dismay.

"You are the daughter"— he began.

"Yes, I am the daughter of William Lawrence, the man you ruined and dishonored."

"Business made it unavoidable, Miss Lawrence"—

"Business! Yes, business as you practice it."

"Oh, now, that's going too far! I want to explain to you."

Margaret shook her head.

"I won't listen to you," she said, violently agitated.

"You have strong prejudices, Miss Lawrence."

"Yes, against disloyalty and dishonesty."

Haggleton reflected. This complication dismayed him. Was the ghost of his guilty past, which he had made harmless through Philip's promise never to allow Gentle to tell him of it, to be conjured up against him by this young woman? A second later he was again Haggleton, master of circumstances.

"Suppose I admit that I did your father a wrong. Suppose also that I wish to make amends."

"I don't believe it."

"Suppose I tear down this block, 'lung block'—suppose I tear it down and make a fine playground of it in memory of your father—and call it Lawrence park?"

"Lawrence park?" Margaret's eyes shone with enthusiasm.

"Lawrence park where 'lung block' used to stand," she repeated softly to herself. But her grievance welled up suddenly.

"You know how to tempt me," she said bitterly, "but I could never be friends with you."

"If it isn't friends," he said briefly, "then it is enemies."

"Yes, enemies always! I do not trust you, John J. Haggleton. Why are you living in a tenement under an assumed name? You must have some selfish purpose."

"No; my purpose is not selfish."

"Why do you want to make friends with me?" she continued. "Why do you care what I do?"

Again Haggleton changed his tactics. She was bewildered already.

"I'll tell you frankly," he answered. "I do not want you to influence Philip against me."

The effect was what Haggleton had foreseen. Margaret's thoughts turned from her own grievance to a new and nearer preoccupation.

"Influence Philip against you!" she wondered. "What do you care for Philip? Influence a poor master diver against John J. Haggleton?"

Her glance strayed to Phil's picture on the wall. Something that she had never seen before in it struck her. She remembered what Gentle had told her concerning the mystery of her lover's parentage.

She turned to Haggleton, scrutinized his features, then sank down in a chair.

"Oh," she cried in horror, "you are Philip's father!"

She was overwhelmed.

"Phil," she said, "whom I love and whom I have promised to marry. You are his father, and you ruined mine! It is horrible!"

Haggleton waited a few moments patiently. It was wiser to let these overwhelming impressions make their effect one by one for a little while in her mind than to hustle them out of it, to return later perhaps with tenfold strength. He still held much in reserve. When he judged that the proper moment had come—Margaret had wiped her eyes several times and finally tucked away her handkerchief—he resumed the interview.

"Philip knows nothing of this."

"I will tell him," she said, rising. "I will warn him."

"Warn?"

"You think that this boy has inherited tendencies which you can appeal to. I'll appeal to Philip's better nature."

"Suppose you fail?"

"I cannot fail. I love him."

Haggleton sat down opposite her.

"Let me tell you something, Miss Lawrence," he said very quietly. "I am telling you because you are a woman—a good woman. But, Miss Lawrence"—he raised his voice skillfully to deepen her attention—"it is astonishing how much harm is done in this world by good women."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"I will show you what I mean right in my own life. You think it has been all hard and cruel, no love in it at all. Just scheming for money, grabbing everything in sight. But who made me that way? A woman—a splendid, high principled woman like you."

"You mean your wife?"

"Yes, my wife," in a very low voice. "My wife," he continued, "did not approve of certain things I did in business, but instead of helping me she left me. She stole away my little boy, my son, and when she took him she took all the love out of my life. Four years old he was when—when she took him away. Such a brave little fellow! He had just had his curls cut off. He used to walk along with me and swing his little cane. Love him! Love him! What plans I made for that boy! What hopes I had for him! And when he got sick—well, never mind, but I love him! He was my son, my only son! You think that I have all I want because I have money. Money! I tell you I want my son, and you want to take him from me. I've got him, and I am going to keep him!"

Haggleton had more to say.

"Do you believe in fair play?" he asked. "Do you know why I did not tell him that I am his father? It is because Gentle said that it wasn't fair to throw my millions in the scale against his ideals."

"Gentle made you promise?"

"Yes. And I did not want to buy a son—I wanted to win his respect and love."

At this moment Gentle entered quietly. Margaret got up. The spell of Haggleton was broken.

"You have aroused Philip's admiration by your conduct of this business," she said with decision. "You can bend every one to your will, but you can't bend mine."

"Gentle," said Haggleton briefly, "I have kept my word. I have not told Philip."

"You knew that he is Philip's father?" asked the girl.

"Yes, Margaret. You believe me to be Philip's friend and yours?"

"Yes, but"—

"Don't tell Philip," repeated the old diver, with increasing seriousness. And he added significantly:

"At least not until I give the word."

"I trust you, Mr. Gentle," she said slowly. "I will not tell Philip."

Then, turning full upon Haggleton, she threw down the gauntlet between them:

"I have promised now, but—the battle is not ended yet."

"The battle!" answered Haggleton. "The battle!" he said again. "I accept your challenge, but you, who love him and whom he loves, remember that he is my son! We are of one flesh, he and I, and that's the elemental fact. You cannot keep us apart!"

He bowed to Margaret and left the room.

The girl at once turned to Gentle. The momentous interview through which she had just passed was forgotten in her anxiety for her lover.

The old diver could give her good news. He had been ordered not to go out with the tub, but to stay on the dock, and had hurried home the moment the news had been signaled across the water that all was well, to tell Margaret and put an end to her suspense. He had not found her there and had gone to Moran's place to look for her, stopping, however, long enough on the way to telephone for particulars if any were yet to be had. He had received them briefly in the laconic language used by all men who have a calling or a profession in common.

Gentle had heard enough to assure Margaret that Philip had made one of the bravest rescues on record, a deed that would be celebrated for many a day wherever divers met together. Calculating daring, a dangerous risk deliberately planned and carried through to the fraction of a minute, superhuman strength—these were the qualities that stood in the narrative unavoidably tangled up in many technicalities.

And Philip was not hurt? Margaret asked again and again. On being informed that he was safe and sound and hoped to see her that evening she hurried away to prepare for his coming.

Gentle, left alone, looked around the room, so cheery now in its neatness and order, yet it felt unaccountably empty.

"Jenny!" he called, but no answer came.

He put on his hat and slowly went out into the street.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE MASTER DIVER.

PHILIP had hastened to the scene of the accident. As they steamed along on the tug one of the men explained what had happened. A barge loaded with copper ore had been run into by a ferryboat early that morning and sunk in fifty feet of water off Eighteenth street.

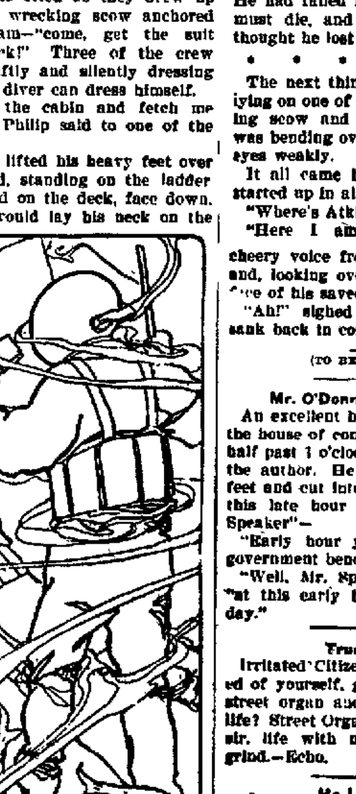
Atkinson had gone down to put chains under the barge so they could get her up. Four times he had signaled them to lift, and four times they had tried and failed. He had been down over three hours!

Philip shuddered. "In fifty feet of water!" He knew that two hours at such a depth was a full day's work for the strongest diver with the brain throbbing under an air pressure of many tons.

"Come," he cried as they drew up to an ugly wrecking scow anchored in midstream—"come, get the suit on me quick!" Three of the crew worked swiftly and silently dressing him, for no diver can dress himself.

"Go into the cabin and fetch me my knife," Philip said to one of the men.

Slowly he lifted his heavy feet over the side and, standing on the ladder bent forward on the deck, face down, as a man would lay his neck on the



"Old comrade, I'm here!"

block. The helpers made fast around his waist the hundred pound belt of lead that would presently sink him to the bottom, and under his arms they fixed the life line noose. Then they brought the copper helmet with its three goggle eyes and screwed it fast to the collar, leaving the face glass out for a last word.

"Here's your knife," said the helper, holding out a leathern sheath to Philip.

"Look sharp now," he ordered. "And when you get the signal to lift, lift fast. Ready!"

As he spoke two men began turning at a wheezing air pump, while a third screwed on the face glass which cuts off a diver from the outer world.

He sank with a roar in his ears, sank with his total weight of nearly 400 pounds, and presently landed safe on the deck of the sunken barge. He groped along the deck, searching for the hole in the barge's side.

Ah, here it was! No wonder she sank quickly! Side and deck ripped open to her middle. He made out a line of silver bubbles yonder, steadily ascending. Atkinson must be there, down on the bottom.

Philip lowered himself over the side and sank until his iron feet touched the river bed. Then carefully he made his way toward Atkinson and in a moment saw what had happened. There was much soft mud in the river here, and the barge, heavily laden, had sunk deep in it. A risky job of tunneling, this—a very risky job!

Ah, there was Atkinson now, half sitting, half lying, against a mud bank! But he did not move! Stepping forward, Philip took the hand in encouraging grasp as if to say, "Old comrade, I'm here!" A faint pressure was returned, but Atkinson lay quite still.

Atkinson's life line ran up free, but his hose, the precious way of air and life, was caught under a shattered timber of the barge, which must have lurched over suddenly as Atkinson tunneled under it. And in turning it had caught the rubber pipe before the old diver could escape, and now the end of the timber, hooked over the hose, was imbedded in the mud and the hose was held in a massive V that pressed down upon it with the whole weight of the barge and its load. He felt Atkinson's hand drawing him closer, and, bending over, he heard this message tapped on his copper helmet in the Morse alphabet: "Wife—children—love."

Heavens! The man was dying!

He forced back the tight rubber wristbands and felt for the pulse. There was a feeble fluttering, a spark of life, still.

What could he do? Surely he must save this man!

Then in a flash he recalled the theory that if a diver in trouble like this were to cut his hose and instantly press his thumb over the opening he might live on the air inside his suit until they could lift him to the surface with the life line and get his helmet off.

He remembered hearing the question argued and doubt expressed whether a diver would be able to cut his own hose, for the diver himself might have trouble in getting at it. But this case was different. He could get at Atkinson's hose well enough.

The master diver drew his knife and, bracing himself firmly with Atkinson's hose held tight between his knees, made ready to cut.

But wait! Where were the life lines? He must be quick with the signals to lift after the thing was done! Ah! There they were swaying beside him, two good ropes reaching up through the yellow water, his own and Atkinson's. Three quick jerks on each, and the boys overhead would do the rest.

As Philip gripped his knife again a feeling of revulsion overcame him. After all, he could not do this thing. That hose was a living thing, life and breath to his comrade. To cut it was to bring Atkinson instantly face to face with horrible death. And perhaps there was some other way.

Perhaps if he waited— Then there came to him the ghastly faces of divers he had seen taken from the suits when there had been too much waiting, of divers who had perished miserably in some such plight as this. No; he must act and not delay. He must take the responsibility as a father takes it sometimes at the bed side of a sick child. This was the right thing, the only thing, and—

With a strong, quick stroke he severed the hose. Then instantly he stopped the hole with his left thumb and gave three quick pulls on the life lines, and the next second the two divers were rising to the surface.

And all might have gone well had not the men who were lifting Philip pulled faster than the other two, so that presently he found himself rising above Atkinson.

Philip seized Atkinson's life line with his right hand and clung to it desperately, while with his left he held the hose. He could just reach down to it and no more. And presently, as the men above worked in mad der haste, he felt Atkinson's life line sagging above him and knew by the sudden strain that he was holding the man's entire weight, suit and all, with his unaided right hand.

He could not help with his left hand because he dared not move it from the hose. He could not signal the men even if they would have understood him, for both hands were occupied. And with all the love in the world he could not support this load many seconds. It was beyond his strength—beyond the strength of any man.

Now they must be halfway up. He would hold on a little longer, and then—and then came a great roaring in his ears and blackness in his eyes, and the hose was torn from his nerveless hand. He had failed in his effort. Atkinson must die, and in the agony of this thought he lost consciousness.

* * * * * * *

The next thing Philip knew he was lying on one of the bunks of the wrecking scow and the company's doctor was bending over him. He opened his eyes weakly.

It all came back to Philip, and he started up in alarm.

"Where's Atkinson?" he cried.

"Here I am, Phil," answered a cheery voice from the bunk opposite, and, looking over, he saw the rugged face of his saved comrade.

"Ah!" sighed the young man and sank back in contentment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. O'Donnell and the Hour.

An excellent bull was perpetrated in the house of commons one morning at half past 1 o'clock. Mr. O'Donnell was the author. He rose suddenly to his feet and cut into the debate with, "At this late hour of the morning, Mr. Speaker"—

"Early hour you mean," from the government benches.

"Well, Mr. Speaker," he continued, "at this early hour of the following day."

True Enough.

Irritated Citizen—Aren't you ashamed of yourself, going about with that street organ and leading such a lazy life? Street Organist—Lazy life? Why, sir, life with me is one long daily grind.—Echo.

He Lived Well.

He—Yes, he lives on the fat of the land. She—What is he? He—An anti-fat medicine manufacturer.—Comic Cuts.

Life's a reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.—George Eliot.

Gems In Verse

SISTERHOOD.

HE never knew a mother. It was I
Whose arms he reached for, waking, shadow scared
By vague child terrors that I all but shared.
Mine were the nights of travail, when his cry
Moaned low with pain or fever wild and high.
Mine were the love songs that he learned to know.
Mine all his mother watching to bestow,
With little pleasures that my purse could buy.
He never knew a mother. All his life
To me he brought his honors and his woes.
He has but crowned h's manhood, and he goes
Unto this other woman—to his wife!
Ah, God, forgive me! These are loving tears,
And I have wept so little through the years.
—Chester Firkins.

LONDON.

THOU art sad with the sorrow of ages,
Thou art grim with the lusting of gain,
Thou art wise with the wisdom of sages
And heartless and heavy with pain,
Thou hast passion no sating appeases,
And thy tears are more bitter than brine,
Yet thy voice is as vast as the sea's is,
Oh, mother of mine!

Thy soul is more strange than our life is
And subtle and secret with sin.
Thou art mad with more madness than strife is
That was mad since God bade it begin.
Thou art cruel, and thou knowest not of pity,
Yet sweeter than love is or wine,
Oh, weary, unwearying city!
Oh, mother of mine!

Oh, maker of men and unmaker,
Thou art drear with the ruin of dreams!
Oh, lover, beguiler, forsaker,
Thou art dark, yet a-glitter with beams.
Thy secret is thine and is no man's
Thou hast sin in thy streets for a sign,
Yet thy voice is more sweet than a woman's,
Oh, mother of mine!
—Pall Mall Gazette.

BUBBLES.

I STOOD on the brink in childhood
And watched the bubbles go
From the rock fretted, sunny ripple
To the smoother tide below.

AND over the white creek's bottom,
Under them every one,
Went golden stars in the water
All luminous with the sun.

BUT the bubbles broke on the surface,
And under the stars of gold
Broke, and the hurrying water
Flowed onward swift and cold.

I STOOD on the brink in manhood,
And it came to my weary brain
And my heart, so dull and heavy,
After the years of pain,

THAT every hollowest bubble
That over my life had past
Still into its deeper current
Some heavenly gleam had cast;

THAT, however I mocked it gayly
And guessed at its hollowness,
Still shone with each bursting bubble
One star in my soul the less.
—William Dean Howells.

THE SEA.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be or have been before
To mingle with the universe and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll;
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage save his own
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.
—Lord Byron.

A LITTLE ROOM.

A LITTLE room is all one needs to plow in and to sow;
A little room is all one needs to bloom in and to grow;
A little room for love and cheer and tender word and deed;
A little room for song and smile is all, sweetheart, we need.

A LITTLE room to sing and laugh, to go with smiling face;
A little room to do his will and share his tender grace;
A little room to toil and dance, to wander and to rest;
A little room to feel the joy that fills a sweetheart breast.

A LITTLE room is all one needs in country or in town,
A little room to keep the clock of life from running down,
A little room to play one's part in fine or gloomy weather—
Sweethearts within a sweetheart land with loved hands clasped together.

A LITTLE room for grief and care, for gladness and for light,
A little room for dawn's sweet glow and for the starry night;
A little room for peace and strife, for battle and for love,
With green fields underneath the feet and blue skies up above.
—Baltimore Sun.

I AM GREAT AND YOU ARE SMALL.

A SPARROW swinging on a branch
Once caught a passing fly,
"Oh, let me live!" the insect prayed,
With trembling, piteous cry.
"No," said the sparrow; "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."
The bird had scarce begun his feast
Before a hawk came by,
The game was caught. "Pray, let me live,"
Was now the sparrow's cry.
"No," said the captor; "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small!"
An eagle saw the rogue and swooped
Upon him from on high.
"Pray let me live. Why should you kill
So small a bird as I?"
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small!"
But while he ate the hunter came.
He let his arrow fly.
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked. "You have
No right to make me die!"
"Ah," said the hunter, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small!"
—Gottlieb Konrad Pfeffel.

THE DREAM.

IN the velvet lined casket of night, sweetheart,
Lay a gem that was rare to see,
And the gem was a dream of you, sweetheart,
And the dream god gave it to me.

AND when jealous day came by, my love,
With the casket I did part,
But the gem is hid for aye, my love,
In the casket of my heart.
—Bess Marjory Munn.

HOMING.

WHEN my wayward boy came back
From his reckless roaming,
With his plumage ruth and wrack,
Like a spent bird homing,

FIRST I looked, and then I smiled.
Then we clung together;
He was still my child, my child.
Love was still a tether.

NE'ER a word reproach I said,
Asked not what had kept him.
Only when he lay in bed
Then (in mine) I wept him—

WEPT the wounds upon him wrought,
Those long years' bequeathing;
Thrice that night his threshold sought,
Watchful of his breathing.

LISTENING, 'twixt times afraid
Lest he be some other,
Thanking God, whose mercy made
Me to be his mother.
—Edwin L. Sabin.

A QUIET SOUL.

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lulled asleep.
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise
Or the soft journey which a planet goes.
Life seemed all calm as its last breath.
A still tranquillity so hushed thy breast,
As if some Halcyon were its guest
And there had built her nest.
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest.
—John Oldham.

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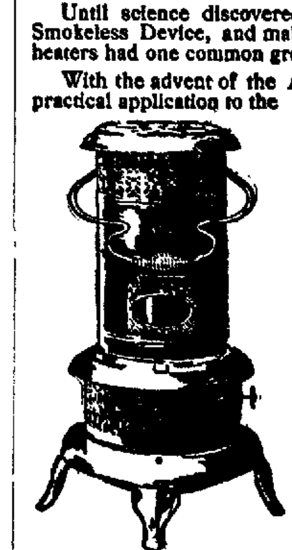

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VOL. XXXVII.

THE GREATEST M...

Dr. Sagebeer's Address at the M... Meeting Upon the Character ... John the Baptist.

At the men's meeting at the ... tol Baptist Church last Sunday a... noon, Rev. Johnston announced ... he had received word that Judge ... lady, who was to make the add... was confined to his home and un... physician's care, suffering fro... heavy cold contracted by being ca... in the blizzard on Christmas. ... Johnston, however, stated that he ... succeeded in getting the service... Dr. Joseph Sagebeer, of Philadel... who was to have spoken to the ... the Sunday previous, but who ... then unable to get here owing to ... blocking of railroad traffic. T... were 201 men present who list... attentively to Dr. Sagebeer's add... which was as follows:

DR. SAGEBEER'S ADDRES...

Of course you understand. He ... did, but just suppose that Jesus ... one time said to His disciples: "... me my friends, who was the gre... man that has ever lived?" I thi... know what the disciples would ... answered Jesus. One of them w... have said that Abraham was ... greatest man that has ever lived ... he is the father of our nation. ... other would have said: "Moses ... the greatest man that has ever li... for he gave us the law." An... would have said: "David, fo... established and consolidated our K... dom," but Jesus would have ... swered: "No, my disciples, you ... all wrong. Over yonder beyond ... Jordan river, way up in the moun... of Pisgah, in the Palace of He... down in the dungeon underneath, ... a man condemned to death, and am... them that are born of women, t... has not risen a greater man than J... the Baptist." Would not His ... ciples have been surprised? T... would have said to Him: "... Master, what is there in John ... makes him the greatest man that ... ever lived?" What was there ... John?

If Jesus were here today and w... say to us: "Friends, I will tell ... anything you want to know. ... me your questions and I will answ... I believe there is no better ques... to ask Him than this: Tell me w... is the really big life—what a... really great manhood? That is ... question we must try to answer ... of our hearts—why John the Ba... was the greatest man that has ... lived. Let us try and find out. ... say to ourselves, what is in this m... character that leads the Master to ... of him, "This is the greatest ... that has ever lived." Who was ... man John? What was he to the ... of God? The first thing we w... answer, I am sure would be ... whatever else he was, first of all ... know John was a prophet. The w... prophet means one who speaks fo... It is made up of two Greek wo... the first one is pro, meaning forw... like our word propel, the second ... phano, to speak from the heart. ... word prophet means one who sp... forth, who speaks it out. It is a G... word, you understand, but they ... the opposite one for soothsayer or ... tune teller, for they were not proph... but those who mumbled out some... of a message; those who mum... within themselves, or mutter it ... their lips. The prophet was preci... the opposite. With head erect ... lips open, he spoke forth, he s... what he had to say and knew ho... speak it forth. Of course we un... stand Jesus did not use that w... He was not a Greek. The lang... which our Master spoke, the w... which means prophet is navi, n-a... Navi is the Hebrew word for fount...

When the Master walked over ... Jordan hill with His disciples ... would come upon a fountain sprin... the mountain side. Off to the n... forty miles away, in the snow cap... mountains of Lebanon, there the s... would melt running through chan... of the strata in the rocks and ... some mountain reservoir and ... making its way by channel co... ground across the valley and ac... the plain it would bubble forth in ... fountain of some Judean hill.

The Master and disciples w... speak of it as navi, fountain, bec... it bubbles out freely the water wh... comes from some other source. G... idea of a prophet was a fountain ... Himself was the fountain flinging ... that which comes to him from s... other source. Navi, the Hebrew ... prophet, was a man who dare... look the people in the face and ... them: "It is not my message I br... it is God's message. I am but ... fount flinging out the gift from G...

Very well, the greatest of all ... Jesus said was a prophet. He ... not merely the greatest of men bec... he was a prophet, he was great bec... of the message which as a prophe... brought. The people flocked to ... and asked him what was his mess... He had but one answer and that w... "The Kingdom of Heaven is at han...

Jesus said it was the greatest m... age that ever trembled on human ... Think of it, Jesus said that man ... first said the Kingdom of God is ... hand, that man has given the gr... est message, therefore he is the wor... greatest man.

Soldiers came to John and sa... "Oh, teacher what shall we do... John said: "Be not so violent, for ... Kingdom of heaven is at hand, ... must repent to enter in." Deleg... came to him and said: "Oh, proph... what shall we do?" "You can c... your dishonesty, in order that ... may enter in." Slaves came to h... and said "Oh prophet, what shall ... do?" John said: "The Kingdom ... heaven is at hand, do your work w... and be content with your wages."

Jesus said he was the greatest ... men, because he brought the grea... message. The method of this prop... was as great as his message. T... came to John and asked him who ... was. He might in truth have sa... "I am the cousin of Jesus Christ t... Son of God," but he did not, inst... he said, "I am a Voice." He wh... the greatest of men was unwilli... even to mention his own name a... called himself only a Voice. Tha... what inspiration does for a man.

Inspiration is the precise opposite ... insanity. Insanity takes a small m... and makes him think he is gre... Inspiration took the greatest man a... made him think of himself as ... body. When they asked him who ... was, he said he was a Voice. A vo... is not a person. A voice is outside ... personality, may be greater than p... sonality. The bell in the high chu... tower is not person, it is a voi... You cannot threaten or frighten ... bell in a tower and no matter whet... it be a prince or what kind of a p... son who passes in the street below ... has a message for it is a voice. Jo... was a voice. You cannot frighten ... voice. They tried it.

John came into Herod's palace o... day and said: "It is not lawful ... you to have your brother Phili... wife." The King rose white a... trembling with rage and said to ... prophet: "Go to thy dungeon a... wait for the axe of my executioner... While John turned to go, he stopp... and turned again and said: "It ... not lawful for you to have your brot... Philip's wife." You cannot threa... a voice.

A prophet is one who sees some tru... clearly and then tells what he sees ... am sure therefore it must be true th... the greatest of the world's men ... those men who see the truth a... know the truth when they see it a... who feel the truth when they reco... nize it.

In our law library in Philadelph... there is a motto on the wall, a qu... tation from Blackstone: "It is ... so much to know the law as it is ... know where to find the law." Und... that motto in lead pencil some w...

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